Saturday Review

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 20, 1952

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and

Mr. BEANE

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and your

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a Happy

and

Prosperous

New Year

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Anny Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol XXXV, No. 51, Dec. 20, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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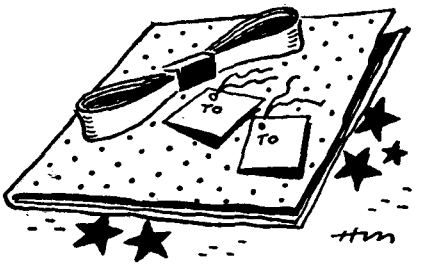
TRADE Winds

CORN BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

LET US BEGIN this semi-annual instalment of stories designed only to make you chuckle with the chronicle of a lady who today runs a famous Fifth Avenue dress shop. The cheapest item in her collection is in the neighborhood of four hundred dollars. Not too many years ago, however, this same arbiter of fashion was selling her dresses in a dingy shop off Delancey Street with a staff consisting of two scraggly seamstresses and her rather dim-witted husband. One day she was home nursing a cold when Friend Husband called up in considerable excitement, "Eva Tanguay, the big vaudeville headliner, phoned to say she needs an evening dress in a hurry and wants the best you've got sent up to her hotel to look at." "That's fine,"



said the wife. "A dame like that can bring us lots of customers. Put that black velvet number with the sequins on the blonde dummy standing in the window, get into a taxi, and rush up to Miss Tanguay's. And be careful: that dress cost over fifty dollars to make."

The husband did his darnedest to obey instructions, but as he carried the dummy out of the shop a playful pup jumped up, fastened his teeth in the dress, and gave a yank. There was a sound of tearing cloth—and the dummy was left completely unadorned.

The husband called his wife to break the bad news. "You clumsy oaf," she wailed. "Tanguay would have paid a hundred dollars for that dress and now it's a total loss."

"You didn't wait for the happy ending," the husband assured her. "Just as the puppy pulled the dress off the dummy a drunk drove by in an open convertible. He stopped, got out—and gave me two hundred dollars for the dog."

ANOTHER DOG STORY concerns the proud owner who tried to teach his boxer puppy to "speak" for his food. The master would hold a biscuit or piece of candy just out of reach of the pup and tantalize him therewith until he barked. For days he repeated the experiment but the contrary pup wouldn't bark once. One day, in a hurry, he decided "the heck with it," and put down the boxer's bowl of food without further ado. Then he got his real surprise. The pup wouldn't touch it until his master barked.

TWO LITTLE SHAVERS were sitting on a fence rail chewing bubble gum when one suddenly announced, "I'm five years old. How old are you?" "Dunno," was the answer. "Hmm," mused the first. "Do women bother you?" "Not at all," said the second. The first nodded sagely and opined, "You're four." . . . Traffic has become so jammed up on Long Island's Grand Central Parkway that one poor fellow who bought a jalopy at a used-car lot had to sell it back to the dealer two hours later at a hundred-dollar loss. He couldn't get it out on the Parkway. . . . A Moslem fakir contracted to sit on a bed of live coals in a public square in Mexico City for three days straight, but quit at the end of nine hours. "There was a phonograph store down the block playing Johnny Ray records continuously through a loud speaker," he alibied angrily, "and I simply couldn't stand it one minute longer."

THE LATE WILSON MIZNER was a fabulous character who told many tall tales—and upon investigation many of the most improbable ones turned out to be true. Coming back from the Yukon gold rush—broke, as usual—Mizner swore that he read in a Chicago paper that turkeys were bound to bring fifty cents a pound by Christmas time. So he bought five hundred baby

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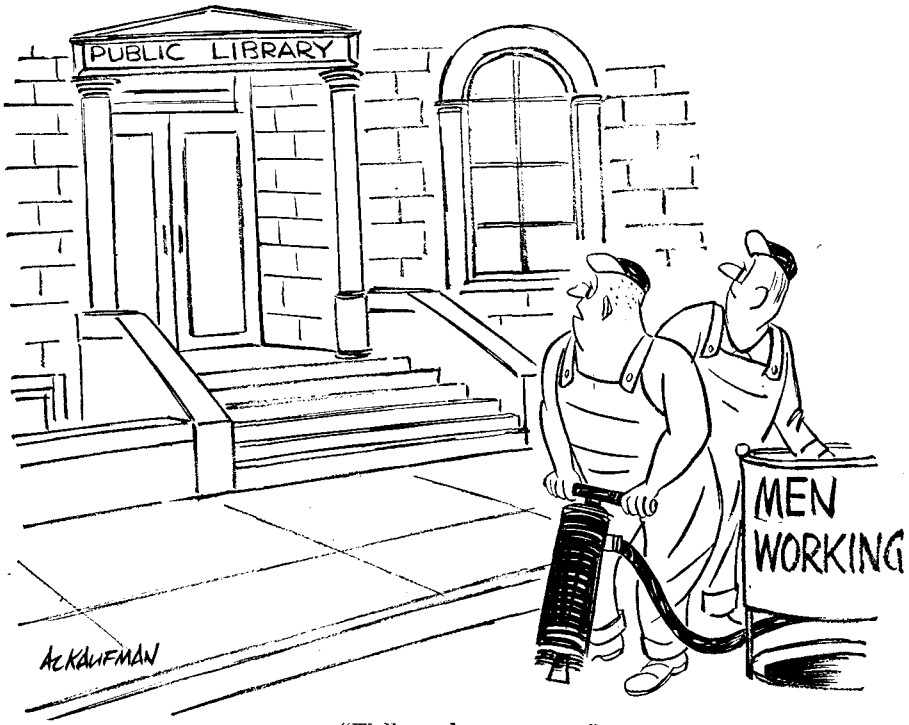
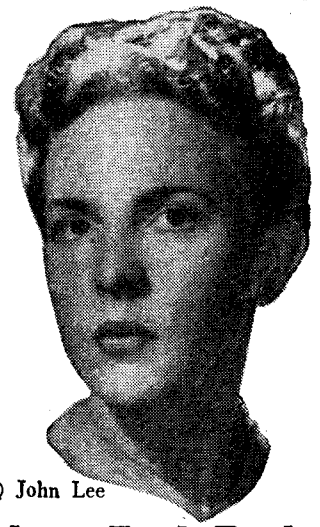


"Well . . . here goes . . ."

turkeys from an Oregon farmer for a dime apiece, invested twenty dollars more in feed, and started driving them across country on foot. He figured they'd make the Windy City in ten weeks flat—just in time for the holiday market—and fortune. "Did you get the turkeys to Chicago?" he was asked. "Absolutely," insisted Mizner. "But with the stockyards in sight, and a flock of five hundred turkeys, each one of which at fifty cents a pound would net me five bucks minimum, cruel Fate stepped in. The turkeys developed sore feet and flew away." . . . Maurice Zolotow, whose "It Takes All Kinds" is a fascinating round-up of a dozen other fantastic, off-beat characters, tells of an evening Houdini, the escape artist, Blackstone, the prestidigitator, and Dunninger, the mind reader, journeyed to a benefit performance in Dunninger's automobile. They left the car at a parking lot. When they returned to redeem it Dunninger discovered he had misplaced the key and couldn't remember where he had left it. Blackstone couldn't get the car door open. And Houdini, who claimed he could get out of any straitjacket or padlocked dungeon, couldn't pick the lock. The disgruntled trio bribed the parking attendant to keep his mouth shut, and meekly rode home in a taxicab.

A SHEEPHERDER IN MONTANA led such a secluded life that the time came when all he could say was "Ba-a-a-a." Then he went to New York, where he became an immediate sensation. Everybody thought he was a famous drama critic. . . . Lewis Young claims he's discovered traces in upper New York state of a tribe of authentic Jewish Indians. They were called the Shmohawks. . . . A frail young thing hauled a big bruiser into court and announced, "Your Honor, this bum is my fiancé. Last night he socked me in the jaw, broke my right arm, stamped on my toes, and knocked out four teeth." "Don't pay no attention to her, Your Honor," interrupted the bruiser. "She's punchdrunk." . . . A very pretty girl in Altoona, Pa., had a persistent but unwanted suitor in New York. When she refused to see him any longer he resorted to an intensive mail campaign, bombarding her with a special-delivery letter twice a day for forty-seven consecutive days. On the forty-eighth day his strategy produced results. The girl eloped with the mailman.

A LADY IN BEDFORD VILLAGE ate so much that she finally tipped the scales at over 250, and her husband nagged her into consulting a doctor. "All you need," pronounced that authority, "is to cut down on the food you consume." He put her on a diet so strict that everybody from Mt. Kisco to Stamford heard about it. Came Christmas Day, however, and a friend, arriving unexpectedly with a little gift under his arm, found her stowing away a great slab of suckling pig, garnished with mashed potatoes, cooked apples, and lima beans. "But, my dear," laughed the friend, "what's become of that famous diet of yours?" The lady answered loftily, "I've already had my diet. Now I'm having my dinner." —BENNETT CERF.



© John Lee

About Ruth Park

This is the third novel by Ruth Park, whose first book, HARP IN THE SOUTH was winner of the Sydney Morning Herald Award for the best novel of the year.

Her second book, 12½ PLYMOUTH STREET had a wonderful press led by Sterling North who said, "I hesitate to use the word genius, but if Dickens had it so has this young woman from Australia. She makes a reviewer wish he had saved some of his adjectives in his last three million words of criticism."

Ruth Park is a native New Zealander now living in Australia. She has chosen for her literary territory a part of the Pacific world rarely seen in fiction and she has had a rare view of it in intermittent jobs as cook for a shearing camp, opal digger and scriptwriter for juvenile sessions. Her first novel of Surry Hills followed eighteen months that she spent there in a bug-ridden, almost pitch-dark attic, furnished out with a murder on the doorstep. She is married to Darcy Niland, playwright and novelist. Her own books are written in the intervals of raising five children, three of whom are under three years of age.

THE Witch's Thorn

Ruth Park

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Christmas, Body & Soul

IVOR BROWN

THERE is the mighty wave and then dead calm. Pre-Christmas London is a cauldron lashed by a hurricane; the day itself is doldrums. Take a walk on any of London's open spaces on Christmas afternoon and there is nothing but vacancy, nothing but silence. It is probably a mild, gray, dampish day, and you will not feel inclined to go very far. But this dead vast of noiselessness is worth sampling in a city that normally grumbles and screeches and roars.

When Wordsworth composed his sonnet on Westminster Bridge the town was "bright and glittering," which it usually is not on Christmas Day. But take a turn on the Embankment or in any of the Bankside gardens.

> Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm
> so deep!
> The river glideth at his own
> sweet will,
> Dear God! the very houses
> seem asleep;
> And all that mighty heart is
> lying still!

Wordsworth still applies.

Mighty heart—yes, but we cannot omit the other organs. The stomach has been, or is about to be, appeased. Into this tremendous tacitness of the Christmas streets steals, slightly but universally, the odor of sage, onions,

—An 1850 woodcut, Bettmann Archive.

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and other garnishings of goose or turkey. Most windows are closed or nearly closed and so no large rattle of the radio, no overpowering scent of stuffing seeps out; but there is a profound sense of bodily satisfaction in this uncanny calm. If you are strolling at three o'clock, there is a slight rift in the numbness and dumbness of the city.

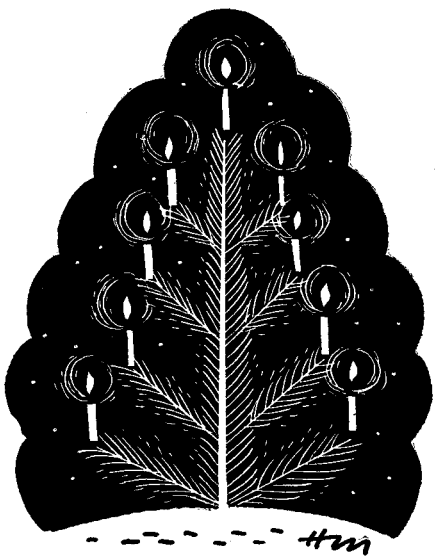
Through any chinks from which sound could come one used to hear the King's voice as he gave the Christmas greeting to his myriads of ocean-sundered hearers. And now it will be the Queen's voice, and an audience even greater, if that be possible. Going down a suburban street on a Christmas afternoon when it was warm enough for open windows, I have heard virtually the whole of it as I moved past the houses, so many were the listeners.

I WROTE of the wave before the calm. What of that surge? There is a frightening onslaught of the shoppers on the shops, an attack which reaches its most furious point when the boarding schools have closed, about December 20, and ejected some hundreds of thousands of boys and girls in the high excitement of release on to the platforms of the great termini. When sorted out, those not redispatched to the country go shopping. So do swarms of their elders. To approach a counter is then a football-match matter. The heat and hustle of this spending tumult makes the recession into calm more astonishing. The peace comes a little earlier than you expect; some of the shops are reasonably empty on Christmas Eve. This reminds me that I have never walked through the City itself on a Christmas afternoon: I herewith resolve to do so and am willing to bet that between Ludgate Circus and the Tower I shall not meet a dozen people on the pavements.

Christmas churchgoing fills pews that are usually empty. This applies especially to the Anglican congregations, which have the largest proportion of intermittent attenders. Many people like to go to church on festal days, when the flowers are in full display and familiar hymns are sung.

This, I cannot help thinking, is cheating. It is using the church as a convenience. Those who believe should believe every week in the year and not only when sentiment stirs them, as at Christmas and Easter, and when the service has traditional appeals. To look in now and again is like using the church to get christened, married, and buried (with more beauty of language and of rite than a secular treatment of the occasion provides) and then never going near the place again. Such exploitation of the church seems to me discreditable. Those who will not take the discipline should not snatch at the privilege. If the Faith is not worth their attention on the dull Sundays—not to mention the week-days—what right have the perfunctory worshippers to share in the attractions on the festival days?

As I am not a Churchman it may be said that I have no right to speak. But I cannot be forbidden to comment on the logic of those who treat the benefits of religion in such an arbitrary way, occasionally using them, but generally passing by. What reason can be given for seeking a Church marriage and then giving no further heed or service to the Church and to its modest demands? To stay away from church altogether, to have a civil marriage, and to end with a secular cremation, is within the rights of any citizen now that, after centuries, we have defeated the old bigoted persecu-



tions of the independent. It is also perfectly logical. But what is not within the bounds of right thinking is to admit a Sacred Mystery by occasional genuflections and then to forget all about a matter so supreme for fifty Sundays out of fifty-two. If religion, any religion, is what it claims to be, then it is something so tremendous that you must either reject it with due reflection or accept it with due devotion. To potter about with it, like the Christmas Day church-goer, is to be both illogical and insensitive.

During a recent Christmas I received from my local parish church an invitation which struck me as really lamentable in its tone:

> Christmas Day is the Birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ—Will you let Him share it with you at one or more of these services?

Will I let Him? Should not I be told, firmly and even fiercely, that, if I believe in the facts of the Christian story, then it is a supreme privilege to be allowed to share in this grandeur of spiritual opportunity, and that I am committing unpardonable folly if I miss the chance of sharing such communion.

IF I am an unbeliever, then I frankly reject the invitation of religion and I risk the consequences. That is honest enough. But, if I am in any way a believer that Christ the Lord has lived and died for man and made man's salvation possible by His suffering, then I should be awe-struck at the splendor of this mystery. I should be advised solemnly of my privilege, and strongly commanded to attend the services as part of my duty and my discipline. To put such wheedling leaflets under the door a few days before Christmas is certainly not to command the respect of any intelligent person. Will I let Him? This is the last word in Christian defeatism.

Do I sermonize? My excuse must be a Presbyterian ancestry and a philosophic present which makes me see Christianity as a thing so tremendous and so exciting that it must either be accepted or denied to the full. It must be friend or foe: it cannot be a nodding acquaintance. To treat it in such a casual and patronizing manner seems to me both foolish and rude. But enough of scolding.

Boxing Day, December 26, named not after pugilistic festivals but after the boxes once put out for the collection of tips and money gifts, is not so quiet in the open spaces. The new toys are on trial and they can be as noisy as the things of which they are the miniatures. Here is a model Diesel-engined airplane, kept captive by a wire lest it vanish across the park, as it might: thus confined, it circulates screaming its indignation at restraint: its menacing din will certainly not encourage normal bird life in these parts. There on the pond are half a dozen motor vessels, puffing and growling, and completely disregarding the mannerly example of tranquility set by the old-fashioned sailing yachts which lie suavely on the water, seeking a breeze, or gently taking the wind when it comes. A fellow walker, passing me, nods his head sadly at the raucous airplane and asks

(*Continued on page* 38)

Ivor Brown is drama critic for the London Observer *and has been prominent in the English literary scene for over three decades. This article is drawn from "Winter in London," published this year by Doubleday & Co.*

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The New Best-Seller

HAROLD E. FEY

NO PUBLISHING venture in memory has attracted the attention of so many people as the publication this fall of the Revised Standard Version of the Holy Bible.* On the publication date, Sept. 30, more than two million people attended meetings celebrating the event in 3,400 communities throughout the United States and Canada. From Korea to West Germany chaplains in the armed services led services of thanksgiving. On that day the Post Office Department issued in Washington a stamp commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the publication of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed by movable type. The Library of Congress arranged an exhibit of Bibles, and the nation's press devoted considerable space to the appearance of the new version. One result of all the excitement was a demand for Bibles which exhausted the first printing of one million copies—an unprecedented number—and produced a huge pile of as yet unfilled orders.

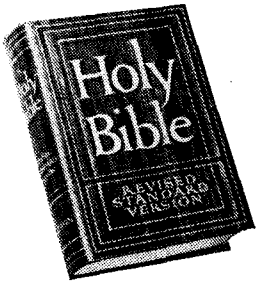
This is the sixth authorized version of the Bible in English. Authorization comes in this instance from the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America. This council speaks for thirty Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations having 147,000 churches and thirty-three million members. In this case its action has the tacit approval of denominations, such as the Southern Baptists and some Lutheran bodies, which are outside its membership. Preceding authorized versions were (1) the Great Bible, 1539; (2) the Bishop's Bible, 1568; (3) the Rheims-Douay Version, Roman Catholic, completed in 1609; (4) the King James Version, 1611; and (5) the English and American Revisions of 1881-85 and 1901.

An important factor contributing to the keen interest in the Revised Standard Version was the series of over a dozen unofficial translations of the Bible which have appeared in the past half century. Several of the scholars whose names were associated with these individual translations, including particularly Moffatt, Goodspeed, and Waterman, later served on the committee of twenty-two which brought this official version to completion.

The purpose which the scholars, who brought the Revised Standard Version to completion in fifteen years (they began work in 1937), aimed to serve is important. It was to produce a revision "which embodies the best results of modern scholarship as to the meaning of the Scriptures and expresses this meaning in English diction which is designed for use in public and private worship and preserves those qualities which have given the King James Version a supreme place in English literature." To accomplish this purpose scholars were enlisted from churches representing all the main traditions of non-Roman Catholic church life. Among them were several men who were especially concerned with worship and with religious education.

The committee was divided, one part working on the Old Testament and the other on the New, but with all members of the committee having a vote before final approval of the rendition of any part of the Bible. To begin, one man was asked to prepare a revision for a given book of the Bible. When this was ready, his work was debated word by word, verse by verse, by the entire group concerned with that part of the Bible. To pass, each proposed change had to receive a majority of the subcommittee, and two-thirds of the whole committee. When the entire book had been submitted to this group process, the result was mimeographed and circulated to a wider group of scholars. When their criticisms were in hand, another member of the committee, working from the first draft, prepared a second,

THE HOLY BIBLE: Revised Standard Version. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1,291 pp. Buckram, $6. Leather, $10.



BEHIND THE BOOK: The Bible being *the* perennial best-seller, it may come as something of a surprise to learn that the latest version of the good book is being treated to a $500,000 promotional fillip. Circulars (1,500,000 of them, to be exact), window-display backdrops (15,000), posters (500,000), radio and television commercials, and a few other approaches comprise the campaign. Quarterbacking much of it is an advertising Goliath of Madison Avenue, BBD & O—Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc. Whatever the reason, the Bible is certainly being snapped off the bookshelves, the official word being that 1,600,000 copies had been sold as of November 30, just eight weeks after publication. Of that total, about 600,000 represent unfilled orders. "The RSVB," a BBD & O man observed the other day, "is about as hard to get as a hen's tooth." The backlog, he interjected quickly, is being trimmed at the rate of approximately 75,000 a week in the six-dollar buckram edition, what with the presses of five firms running day and night. Still, an unbroken flow of fresh orders piles up every morning on the desks of Thomas Nelson & Sons, the publishers. At their headquarters in New York, the password is, "We hope to be caught up in the near future." The initial instalment of the first printing was 970,000 copies. That's a lot of copies, and, to help you visualize it, BBD & O has taken to expressing it this way: "The Bibles—each only 1½ inches thick—stacked in one pile would tower twenty-four miles into the stratosphere—higher than 100 Empire State Buildings." (*An* Empire State Building is 1,472 feet tall.) Anyway, despite its astronomical sales, the RSVB was not No. 1 on the Dec. 8 best-seller lists of New York's major newspapers. It was third in the *Times*. The reason, presumably, is that the revised Bible is being sold not only by bookshops but by churches and organizations (which get their copies from denominational houses), outlets normally ignored by the lists. Regardless, it is a fact that not everyone is jubilant over the RSVB. A man in Rocky Mount, N. C.—a Baptist minister—furious over the substitution of "young woman" for "virgin" in Isaiah 7:14, burned a page of the new Bible on his church lawn a few Sunday nights ago. Commented the BBD & O man, himself familiar with the mores of advertisers: "Some people on Madison Avenue think we put the pastor up to it."

—BERNARD KALB.

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which was also criticized meticulously. A third draft completed the process for the New Testament books. The Old Testament procedure was simpler. By this time a consensus had been reached which should withstand any assault.

A final objective of the committee was to make the new revision fit to stand in the "great tradition" of Biblical versions in English. They sought not a new translation, but a revision which would preserve the dignity, the beauty, and the cadences so deeply ingrained in Christian worship. At the same time, the committee labored to arrive by careful textual research at the closest possible approximation to what the original writers wrote in Hebrew and Greek. Then they attempted to render that original meaning into its precise equivalent in present-day English. That required a sensitive understanding of the grammar and lexicography of Greek and Hebrew as they were used when the various books of the Bible were written, as well as scholarly competence in English usages.

THE RSV New Testament, which was published in 1946 and is incorporated in this Bible, has gained wide acceptance not only for private reading but in public worship. More than two million copies have been sold, and in recent years the demand for it has been greater than for the King James Version. While it is perhaps too soon to make predictions, I believe that the Old Testament will also win acceptance rapidly. One reason for thinking so is the violence of the attacks which are concentrated on the RSV rendition of Isaiah 7:14: "Behold, a young woman shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanu-el." This is supported by a recently discovered text which goes back to the second century B.C. Fundamentalists who ignore the entire context of the verse have long looked upon it as a messianic prophecy because older versions used "virgin" in place of the more accurate "young woman." Now one of the objectors is reported to have publicly burned the new Bible—or at least a page from it. A man who uses this Hitlerian tactic probably forgets the story of Tyndale. The increase of knowledge concerning the meaning of the Bible was not stopped even when its opponents

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Harold E. Fey, executive editor of the Christian Century, *is a graduate of Yale Divinity School, where he studied under Dr. Luther A. Weigle. Dr. Fey was formerly professor of Old Testament literature on the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary, Manila.*

Holy Writ in Tandem

	King James	*Revised Standard*
Matthew 26:27	And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it.	And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks he gave it to them, saying, "Drink of it, all of you;"
Luke 11:34	The light of the body is the eye: therefore when thine eye is single, thy whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is evil, thy body also is full of darkness.	Your eye is the lamp of your body; when your eye is sound, your whole body is full of light; but when it is not sound, your body is full of darkness.
Acts 10:34	Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:	And Peter opened his mouth and said: "Truly I perceive that God shows no partiality,"
1 Cor. 10:24	Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth.	Let no one seek his own good, but the good of his neighbor.
Matthew 19:14	But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.	But Jesus said, "Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven."
Romans 8:28	And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.	We know that in everything God works for good with those who love him, who are called according to his purpose.
Jeremiah 12:5	If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?	"If you have raced with men on foot, and they have wearied you, how will you compete with horses? And if in a safe land you fall down, how will you do in the jungle of the Jordan?"
Psalms 119:147, 148	I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might meditate in thy word.	I rise before dawn and cry for help; I hope in thy words. My eyes are awake before the watches of the night, that I may meditate upon thy promise.
Psalms 2:11, 12	Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.	Serve the Lord with fear, with trembling kiss his feet, lest he be angry, and you perish in the way; for his wrath is quickly kindled. Blessed are all who take refuge in him.
Isaiah 7:14	Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.	Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign. Behold, a young woman shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanu-el.

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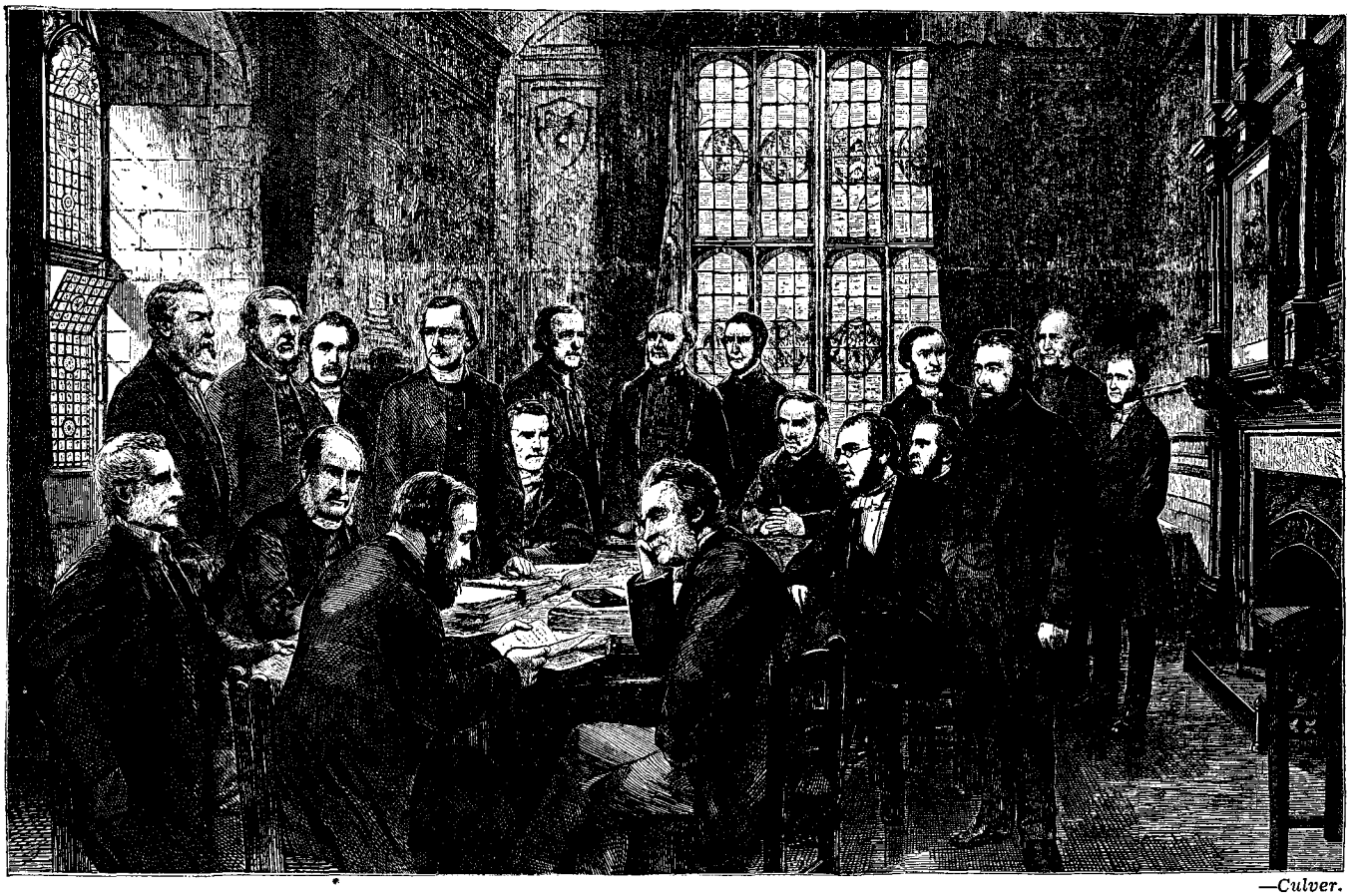

—*Culver.*

The Committee for the Revision of the Old Testament, assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey (1871).

burned both the revision and the revisers at the stake.

Admitting that the issuance of the Revised Standard Version is justified on the basis of public interest, was it necessary? The committee which did the work has no doubt on that point, and neither have other Biblical scholars. The English and American Standard Versions, on which work began in 1870 and which was completed in 1885, came out too soon. In the last seventy years enormous progress has been made in archeological discovery throughout the eastern Mediterranean area which constituted the world of the Bible. This throws a strong light on the vernacular Greek in which the New Testament was written. The revision committee now lists between five and six thousand errors in the Greek text which was available to the translators of the King James Version. The caves of the Dead Sea region and the sands of Egypt have yielded up more than a score of manuscripts in recent years which were more ancient than anything they knew about. In addition, the committee has expressed in English of the present day hundreds of words which were in common use three centuries ago, but whose meaning has changed with the passage of time. The result is a fresh new vigor, a mood of contemporaneousness, about the Revised Standard Version which previous authorized versions had come to lack. And that mood is necessary to a full understanding of the message.

That 1952 saw the completion of the most important enterprise of Biblical revision since the issuance of the King James Version of 341 years ago is due in considerable part to the unflagging devotion of Luther A. Weigle, now dean emeritus of Yale Divinity School. Throughout the fifteen years during which the long task moved slowly forward, he patiently served as the chairman of the committee. The secretary until his death in 1944 was James Moffatt of Union Theological Seminary, New York. Afterward that responsibility was carried by Fleming James, dean emeritus of the School of Theology of the University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn. With their colleagues, they deserve to have their names recorded in the noble succession which began with William Tyndale and will probably continue to the end of time. For each generation will have devout and scholarly men who will say, as did the translators of the King James Version: "Truly we never thought from the beginning that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make a bad one a good one, but to make a good one better." That describes the RSV.

Bible Notes

USEFUL BIBLE DICTIONARY: A new and up-to-date Bible dictionary, filling a real need for such a comprehensive and handy reference book, is Madeleine S. and J. Lane Miller's **"Harper's Bible Dictionary"** (Harper, $7.95). The authors have already proved that they know what modern readers want in a reference book, for their "Encyclopedia of Bible Life" has met with an unusual response. The authors have drawn largely on their first-hand knowledge of the Holy Land, both in the articles and in the illustrations, many of which are from Dr. Miller's own photographs. They have had the assistance of a number of eminent scholars as contributors and consultants and so have produced a volume which will be of true value to the average Bible student, although scholars will find it inadequate at many points. —KENNETH D. MILLER.

SCHOLARLY INTERPRETATION: The publication of the first three volumes of **"The Interpreter's Bible"** is an event almost as significant as that of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. When all twelve are issued, students of the Scriptures will have the most

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Picture Books. Last week, in his article "Christmas in Bookshelves," Robert Halsband enumerated half a dozen books whose charms are chiefly visual—photographs, prints, and cartoons—books which will make highly acceptable Christmas presents. Here are eight more books, pictorial in diverse ways, that will prove godsends for quarter-of-twelve shoppers. The three reviewed immediately below, as well as the "Art News Annual" (page 15), are designed for aficionados of the fine arts. Photography fans will find the specimens of Henri Cartier-Bresson's work in "The Decisive Moment" (page 14) a delight to behold and a tantalizing challenge to emulate. For that incredibly large and insatiable band, the students of the Civil War, there is a fine album, "Divided We Fought" (page 12), edited by Hirst Milhollen and others. Literary gifts that will be welcomed by persons whose tastes are not particularly literary are Oliver Jensen's "The Revolt of American Women" (page 13) and Otto Bettmann's and John Durant's wryly reminiscent "Pictorial History of American Sports" (page 15).

Heritage in Oils & Woods

ART TREASURES OF THE METROPOLITAN. By the Curatorial Staff of the Metropolitan Museum. New York: Harry N. Abrams. 240 *pp.* $12.50.

GREAT PAINTINGS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART. Edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker. New York: The Macmillan Co. 183 *pp.* $15.

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES. Edited by Thomas Craven. New York: Simon & Schuster. 327 *pp.* $12.50.

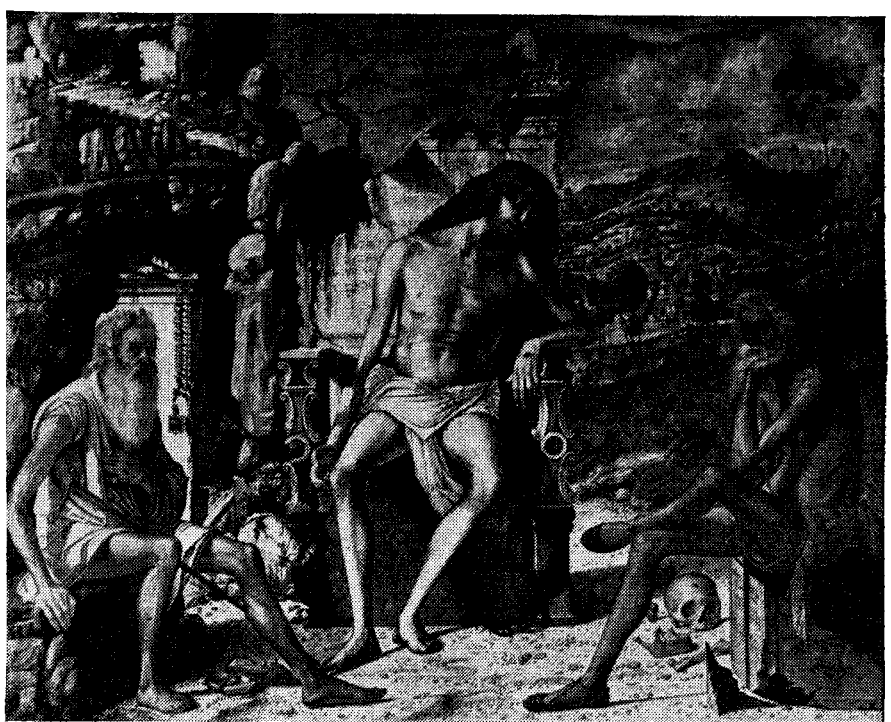
By Thomas B. Hess

SUCH volumes as the three listed above, whose main content is their numerous color reproductions, represent the latest means of exploiting the visual arts. In 1939, Simon and Schuster found that a large public would buy an expensive book based on the Old-Masters-in-Your-Home appeal. Since then (with a wartime hiatus), books with brief texts and many illustrations in color have become increasingly popular, especially when they purport to combine a maximum of tangible culture with a minimum of effort required to absorb it. The reader is paid the dubious compliment of being told he can judge for himself, but is given several hints concerning the excellence of the material he is judging.

The money involved in such projects is large (color plates, depending on size and quality, cost from $350 to $1,000; $50-$100 goes into photographing; the heavy coated paper is expensive, as is the running of color presses), so publishers may be excused for some unusual hucksterıng.

But they frequently cross the border between self-praise and self-hypnosis. Simon and Schuster states that the paintings it reproduces are "displayed in all their glory, with their full investiture of visual splendor"; Harry N. Abrams is "absolutely certain of maximum fidelity." But what is never said is that in photographing the object to be reproduced, the best that can be achieved is about 90 per cent accuracy; in making the color plates themselves, another 10 per cent *at least* is lost; and in printing the plates, several at a time, further resemblance between illustration and original vanishes. Thus even excellent "color reproductions" are misnamed, for they are only approximations— helpful reminders of the original work or prompters of a desire to be introduced to it in the future.

With such generalizations granted, one can turn to these three new publications. "Art Treasures of the Metropolitan" is the most intelligent, its range is the widest, its text the most informed. It should make Americans proud of having a museum that contains such fabulous and diversified treasures and so perceptive and expert a staff. Here, for the first time on a popular level, the dialogue includes a variety of modes and cultures: Attic marble, Byzantine gold, Romanesque limestone, Gothic weaving, Master I.A. of Zwolle's engraved line, a marvelous gilded harpsichord supported by sea gods from seventeenth-century Rome, a Mongol Jonah entering a delighted fish, as well as the famous Oriental paintings and works by Titian, Rubens, Poussin, etc. These illustrations record one of the greatest campaigns of modern collecting. The 130 reproductions in "full color and gold" are generally fair, with a few brilliant plates and a few duds. Greatly to the credit of this enterprise is the inclu-



—*From "Art Treasures of the Metropolitan."*

"The Meditation on the Passion," by Vittore Carpaccio (1455-1526?)

Thomas B. Hess is managing editor of Art News *and the author of "Abstract Painting."*

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sion of color plates of such objects as polychrome sculpture, pottery, textiles, and the Metropolitan's masterpiece of Renaissance inventiveness, the intarsia room from the ducal palace at Gubbio. American art is postponed for a future publication; modern art is omitted, perhaps because the Museum is proud of upholding its long tradition of incompetence in this field. Perhaps, too, it is inevitable that public sycophancy to important patrons will blemish any officially institutional publication. Reading this book, the average man is apt to arrive at the curious conclusion that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for example, ranks somewhere between Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leonardo da Vinci in the hierarchy of art panjandrums. But aside from such minor objections, here is an exemplary anthology from a collection which cannot be seen too often or praised too highly.

The selection of paintings from the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., suffers somewhat from its predecessor, a companion volume of color plates which included a good deal of the best of the collections. But if all the paintings are not of the high quality one has come to expect from this young and immensely rich museum, the reproductions are superb. The plates are exceptionally large and accurate; register is clean and sharp. Opposite each of the eighty-five illustrations is printed a "passage" from "the world's literature" which "will best illuminate the painting's meaning." Thus Donne's "The Crosse" appears with Cossa's "Crucifixion"; E. V. Lucas attends Vermeer; Virgil, Claude; Mallarmé, Morisot. Many of the quotations are comments on the artist's biography or esthetic. Most of these are illuminating and appropriate. Some of the more literary confrontations add a distractingly *parvenu* air to an otherwise civilized, handsome production.

Mr. Craven's "Treasury" is now in its second edition, improved by twenty-two new color plates (bringing the total to 160), a number of black-and-white reproductions, and the deletion of most of the author's more ludicrous errors of fact. The plates vary in quality—some are excellent, most fair to good, some poor. Many are sloppily printed. The selection of pictures is conventional; a few notable lapses have been corrected (*e.g.*, Caravaggio is now included). As for the text, it is in Mr. Craven's well-known manner of simpering and fruity vulgarity. He succeeds once more in insulting the intelligence of the reader, the achievements of the artists he writes about, and the provincial culture of which he is so proud to be a product. One sample to clarify these strictures: "One may infer from the sinuous and furtively accentuated character of his [Correggio's] nudes, that he was a man of libidinous indulgences; but he seems, on the contrary, to have been an overworked painter of strong Christian piety . . ." That "one," who infers "libidinous indulgences" from whatever it is that may be furtive in Correggio, could only be Mr. Craven. And only he could be so surprised to discover his inference mistaken. An example of the care with which the editor has expanded his texts is seen on pages 42 and 43; on each appears an identical long paragraph on Veronese.

—*From "Divided We Fought."*

Death of Major General John F. Reynolds at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

War-Photo Pioneers

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT: A Pictorial History of the Civil War, 1861-1865. By Hirst Milhollen, Milton Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart. Edited by David Donald. New York: The Macmillan Co. 452 pp. $10.

By Holger Cahill

THIS is a labor of love guided by expert knowledge. Hirst Milhollen and his associates are without doubt the best picture editors that could have been found for this pictorial history of the Civil War. It would be difficult to improve on their selections from the many thousands of pictures available—the photographs taken by Mathew B. Brady and his assistants, and those taken by other photographers, known and unknown, many here published for the first time. Drawings by artists employed by *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* give a sense of panorama and sharpen the feeling of action in the book, but the photographs are its body and its strength.

In Brady's day the painting of war was in decline, though some excellent work was still being done. The photographer was in the ascendant as the pictorial recorder of events, but the movement of battle was too fast for the cameras of the 1860's. The photographer had to be content with what might be called the still life of war: fortifications, bivouacs, camp scenes, the "lie still and lie still" that makes up the greatest part of any military campaign, the maneuvers and marches, the preparation for battle, and the tragic dead still on the field when the battle ends. Yet, the Civil War remains to this day one of the best-documented wars in history. This is due in large part to the genius and determination of Mathew Brady, a leather craftsman who had studied painting with William Page and Samuel F. B. Morse. From Morse, with whom he studied for three years, he learned drawing and the technique of handling the new invention of the French painter Daguerre. Brady began making daguerreotypes in 1844. Always an ambitious man, he rapidly became the most fashionable photographer of his day and by 1850 issued the first set of a projected "Gallery of Illustrious Americans." The "Gallery" was a financial failure.

When the Civil War began Brady

Holger Cahill wrote "New Horizons in American Art," and is co-editor of "Art in America in Modern Times."

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was the first photographer in the field. He gathered together a number of assistants and set off with the Federal armies in his "What-Is-It?" wagon. At First Bull Run he had a narrow escape, disappeared for three days, then turned up in Washington, bought new equipment, got his assistants together again, and went back to the armies. Many of his assistants were men of high talent, especially Alexander Gardner, Timothy O'Sullivan, and George N. Barnard. Like Brady, they had the courage and tenacity to "follow the progress of hostilities and represent 'grim-visaged war' wherever it appeared," taking their photographs on the spot, processing their plates in the "What-Is-It?" wagon while the ground under it shook with the thunder of battle. In the end Brady produced seven thousand negatives but his great project, like the earlier "Gallery of Illustrious Americans," was a financial failure. It left Brady heavily in debt. He lost control of his negatives. One set found its way to the National Archives, the other to the Library of Congress. Looking at Brady's achievement today one must account him one of the most successful failures in American history.

"Divided We Fought" is the testament of a faithful witness, the "mirror with a memory." Handled as Brady and his men handled it this mirror was truly held up to nature. The testimony of the lesser men and particularly the anonymous photographers whose work has been discovered by the picture editors may not come up to the high argument of Brady's art, but it is infinitely touching in its revelation of individual character and sorrow. The actuality and unmeditated truth of the pictorial documents is paralleled by David Donald's text. From the beginning to the last paragraph of the book he has found the illuminating personal statement for each picture and has himself provided an admirable connective tissue of narrative which not only binds the pictures together but also gives us a clear and compact history of the Civil War. Here is presented the most tragic conflict in the experience of the American people.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 977)

DEWEY:
JOURNEY TO THE FAR PACIFIC

It's a strange contradiction that today at the end of a terrible, losing war, stripped of all claims to divinity, the Emperor is in many ways more influential than before. . . . I believe that the Crown will be a powerful force for a stable, free Japan.

"Gimme That Vote"

THE REVOLT OF AMERICAN WOMEN. A Pictorial History of the Century of Change from Bloomers to Bikinis—From Feminism to Freud. By Oliver Jensen. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 224 pp. $6.

By ROSEMARIE REDLICH

IF Oliver Jensen, one-time editor of *Life* magazine's "fun" department, intended to be funny in assembling this picture-book, he has been remarkably successful. For a sure-fire laugh there's nothing like pictures of our mothers, aunts, and grannies in bloomers, knee-length bathing suits with stripes and bustles, assuming odd poses, immersing themselves in water, taking prat-falls, and making themselves generally pretty ridiculous.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Jensen had intended his book as a serious study of the Revolt of American Women (whatever that is and whoever it's against) the book doesn't add up much funnier than a split lip, if perhaps more serious than one. For the author, in his collection of over 450 carefully selected pictures and accompanying text, has fallen a prey to one of the basic stereotypes of our time, and through it to a number of sub-stereotypes, of which he has almost as many as pages in his book. The basic one is: "Women Aren't People." Rarely, if ever, do victims of this notion refer to women as other than Petty Girls or, at the other extreme, Whistler's Mothers, or hatchet-faced Carrie Nations, thrill-seeking flappers learning how to smoke, sleeping-pill neurotics, muscle-bound athletes, or overstuffed clubwomen. Among the sub-stereotypes, to name two principal ones, are those two opposites Glamour and Good Works. That is to say, on the one hand, that woman's prime function is to exude sex, charm, and general decorativeness, *sans* brains; or on the other, that if she chooses to better her lot (and therefore, inevitably, that of man as well) she must be portrayed as a laughable, usually plain, somehow always ridiculous figure.

As a happy ending to the book, the author includes a brief chapter called "Woman and Superwoman," to the effect that all the high-jinks described in the previous 202 pages have resolved themselves miraculously into a well-adjusted mother of three who has time for outside activities, her family, and her appearance. True, "women's problems" are discussed under the heading of "The Feminists," "Career Girl and Clerk," and "Ladies in Distress," but nowhere do we see

mentioned what is generally agreed to be the basic problem—that up to now women's capabilities have not been fully utilized. During the emergency of World War II this state of affairs was approached, and as "Rosie the Riveter" woman became an indispensable factor in industry.

The problem nowadays is hardly the arch query: "Should I have a career or stay in the home?" More than half the eighteen million women working today are married *and* working because they need the money, not from any madcap notion of a career. The problem, perhaps, is that these women-at-work are a distinct minority and treated as a minority, with "pay envelopes," as Mr. Jensen points out, "barely half as full as men's." He asks, in his introduction, "Why is there no Man's Problem?" There is an excellent "Man's Problem" inherent in the foregoing, and it is well expressed by Frieda Miller, director of the Woman's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, who says: "It is an axiom that when large numbers of workers can be hired at lower rates of pay than those prevailing at any given time . . . it results in lower levels of earnings for all."

The problem of American women is hardly the Revolt against Male Domination or the Battle of the Sexes. He quotes Margaret Mead ("Male and Female") on the American marriage as saying "it is one of the most difficult marriage forms that the human race has ever attempted." We can pose the real problem no better than by quoting from the same book by this famous anthropologist that "once it is possible to see it is as important to take women's gifts and make them available to both men and women in transmittable form as it was to take men's gifts and make the civilization built upon them available to both men and women, we shall have enriched our society."

Rosemarie Redlich collaborated with her husband, David E. Scherman, on "Literary America," a volume of text and photographs about the homes and haunts of American writers.

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Silver Nitrate & Our Times

THE DECISIVE MOMENT. Photography by Henri Cartier-Bresson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 126 plates. $12.50.

By Aaron Siskind

HERE is a monument to the reputation of one of the greatest of living photographers, Henri Cartier-Bresson. The volume stands fourteen inches high, most of the photographs are reproduced full-page or double-page (fine enlargements from 35mm. negatives), the jacket and cover are designed by Matisse in his most fragrant manner. It is a record of his sympathetic contact with people all over the world, of high and low station and in many conditions. It is a tribute to his unfailing artistry and amazing skill for, no matter how fleeting or violent the image, he usually manages to contain it in a picture that is simplicity itself.

For Cartier-Bresson is endowed with that fortunate combination of steady hand, active eye, and compassionate heart. He carries with him into photography a background of painting and an acquaintance with the painters of the Paris school. Technically he is interested in what is simply useful, in whatever will bring him nearer to possibilities.

Around a discussion of the term "the decisive moment" expressions gather which give us an insight into the working method of Bresson, into what matters most to him when he is "shooting." On making contact with his subject matter he is careful not to disturb its normal continuity. He is unobtrusive, gentle, sympathetic, and intensely absorbed. The instant of snapping the shutter is a moment of recognition. Lincoln Kirstein describes that moment as "the middle norm of a run of action, a specimen slice or symbolic fragment, snapped from a series." Cartier-Bresson himself speaks more concretely, more in terms of the picture that is forming. In his introduction to this selection of his photographs he describes how he works "in unison with movement as though it were a presentiment of the way in which life itself unfolds," that "inside movement there is one moment at which the elements in motion are in balance," and that it is that moment whose immobility he must seize and hold in equilibrium. (Here indeed is the intimation of a process in which the subject is permitted to determine its composition—a dynamic union of content and form!)

I should think, then, that such a photograph—in which an event is held immobile and in equilibrium, in which an event has been snatched from the flow of time—is in natural conflict with the requirements of journalism, whose chief concern is with events in time (timeliness) and with the relation of these events to the political and social consciousness of its readers. Examine, chronologically, the photographs reproduced in this volume and you will find that, generally, the early ones are merely identified as "9-Salerno, Italy, 1933"; "11-Andalusia, Spain, 1933"; "41-New York, 1935. An alley in the Cuban section," etc. etc., while the later ones bear longer and larger background captions, such as "75-Western Pakistan, 1948. At the time of partition, families lost track of each other. It took months, sometimes years, for the lost members of families to be located again. This is a reunion at the refugee camp at Lahore. In a sing-song chant and weeping, the women tell each other sad stories of their troubles and losses since they last saw each other." The earlier photographs are less anecdotal, more a projection of an inner vision; the later ones carry more and more the burden of historicity (important events) and exotic places (landscape). However, there seems to be no conflict in Cartier-Bresson's mind. He states that "we [photo-reporters] are dependent on printing, since it is to the illustrated magazines that we, as artisans, deliver raw materials," and speaks graciously of the "great art of the layout man." The book is weighted with unusual photographs of stirring events (super-news) and of far-off places and exotic peoples (super-*National Geographic*), reproduced full- and double-page. Four of my favorites (12, 13, 14, 15—all 1933) are crowded into a double spread—perhaps because they are all pictures with children in them.

—*From "The Decisive Moment."*

Paul Léauteaud in his garden—". . . unfailing artistry and amazing skill."

Aaron Siskind, whose photographs are on exhibit in a number of art museums, is on the faculty of the Illinois Institute of Technology.

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—"Pictorial History of American Sports"

Kolven (the first American golf: 1657.)

Hits & Birdies

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN SPORTS. By Otto Bettmann and John Durant. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 280 pp. $10.

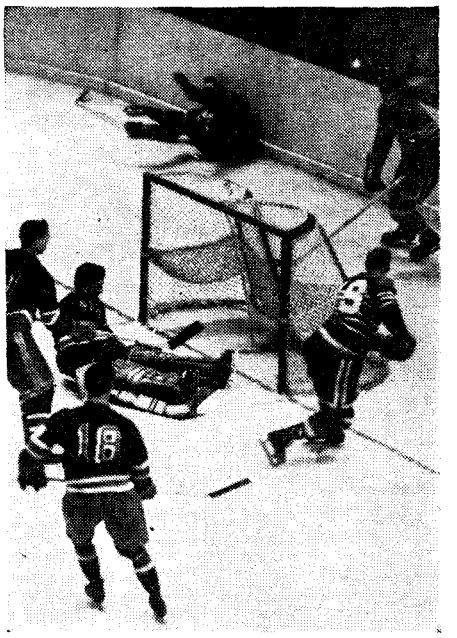
By HERBERT WARREN WIND

IT IS always a happy occasion when a book that "ought to be done" not only gets done but done very well. The first of its kind and a long time coming, this is the unpretentious, conscientious, and unslick product of a collaboration between Otto Bettmann of the Bettmann Archive, who provided the illustrations, and John Durant, an old hand at sports picture books who arranged the illustrations and supplied the text. Even at ten dollars, the book is eminently worth the price for a person whose interest in sports is genuine. Because it is a solid piece of work, the sports follower will not be finished with this book after his first run-through reading and will find it a valuable compendium to have around the next time his memory blurs and he wants to find out the difference between court tennis, racquets, squash racquets, and squash; what Walter Camp actually did for football; who beat John L. Sullivan and how in the world did Corbett ever do it; the key steps in the evolution of baseball; how Bobby Jones looked halfway through the Grand Slam; how Honus Wagner stood at the plate; and whatever happened to croquet, the drop kick, the 120-yard dash, and the gentle art of gander-pulling. It is not an exhaustive book but the important facts are all there.

The authors have divided their history into five sections: Captain Smith to General Grant, 1607-1870; the Gas-Lit Era, 1871-1899; the Rise of Sports, 1900-1918; the Golden Age, 1919-1930; and Sports for Everyone, 1931-1952. It is profusely illustrated all the way, from a rough sketch of a Choctaw brave fondling his native lacrosse stick down to Bob Mathias looking very much like the young man of the mountain in the process of winning the decathlon in the recent Olympic Games. The text, for the most part, stays close to the illustrations. Mr. Durant somehow managed to avoid "research poisoning" and plunks his data and his stories right on the line in an enjoyable expanded-caption form. He is most at home, perhaps, with baseball and boxing, which he writes with savor, but he has done his source work thoroughly and achieves an honest liveliness even when dealing in limited space with acutely minor or obsolete sports. With four cuts and three sentences, for example, the early nineteenth-century vogue for gymnastics comes to life, and it becomes a great pleasure to contemplate what the bicep-building was like in the first American "turnplatz," opened in Northampton, Mass., in 1825.

"Pictorial History of American Sports" covers the modern or post-1919 scene with command and judiciousness, but my guess would be that the book's first delight for many readers will be the chance it affords them to discover the nineteenth-century equivalents of the Cobbs, the Granges, and the Arcaros. They were a colorful lot—Hiram Woodruff, the master reinsman and the first hero of rural America; John C. Heenan, "The Benicia Boy" and the nation's bare knuckles champion in 1860, who fought a thirty-seven-round draw outside of London with an equally appealing Englishman named Tom Sayers who greeted him inside the ring with an easy smile and "we have a nice day for our business"; Edmund Payson Weston, the peerless six-day go-as-you-please walker, who tapered off from his life's work at the age of seventy by walking from New York to San Francisco in 105 days. Let us not forget William Jackson, a bald, chin-whiskered man with the mien of a resolute Secretary of State, who appears in T-shirt and running shorts, poised in the classic position of Mercury. In the 1840's Jackson was the best ten-miler in the land and was known as the American Deer.

Herbert Warren Wind, a member of the staff of The New Yorker, *wrote "The Story of American Golf."*



Big-league hockey with the Rangers (1924).

Good-Will to Men

BETTER THAN A CARD: Probably the closest American counterpart to those hefty year's-end issues of magazines that in Europe are considered acceptable compromises between mere greeting cards and tangible assets as Christmas gifts is the **"Art News Annual"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50). Delightful to the senses for riffling purposes, gratifying to the intellect for perusing at leisure, this year's number contains, besides the customary four dozen color plates, articles on the subjects of three of the most important art exhibitions held in New York this year, plus a stimulating essay by André Malraux.

Alfred Frankfurter opens the article section with a piece on the new Rembrandt that has emerged following the cleansing of several of his important canvases in recent years. Mr. Frankfurter lays low many a myth and misconception about the master's life—particularly the one cherished in the textbooks that his "Night Watch," badly received, proved his undoing and that he thereafter faded into obscurity. Mr. Frankfurter shows that quite the opposite was true and that he subsequently commanded even higher fees. This essay is supplemented by one by Seymour Slive on Rembrandt's critics.

In another important article, Thomas Hess reinterprets Ingres in the light of 1952 thought, thereby shortening our cultural lag by almost a century. Bernard Dorival, curator of the Paris counterpart of our Museum of Modern Art, offers a well-illustrated article on the Fauves. —L. R. SANDER.

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U.S.A. & Communism. The way to defeat the imperialistic aims of Soviet Russia is not—as a Boston newspaper recently called upon that city's public library to do—to ban the circulation of books about the USSR and Communism, but rather to disseminate information about them as widely as possible. For an understanding of how Communists work in our own country, for example, a close and thoughtful study of an avowed piece of Party propaganda like William Z. Foster's "History of the Communist Party in the United States" (below) and even such a disappointing study as Morris Ernst's and David Loth's "Report on the American Communist" (page 17) are most useful. For some clues as to what is actually happening within Russia and how we may find allies there, Tadeusz Wittlin's autobiographical "A Reluctant Traveler in Russia" (page 19) and George Fischer's scholarly "Soviet Opposition to Stalin" (page 20) are of inestimable value. A genre which we could well be spared is the journalism represented by Guenther Reinhardt's "Crime Without Punishment" (page 20).

Dead Hopes & Political Malice

HISTORY OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES. By William Z. Foster. New York: International Publishers. 600 *pp.* $6.

By Martin Ebon

THE Communist Party of the United States has written its autobiography. The author, William Z. Foster, is the Party's national chairman. His acknowledgments and internal evidence suggest that the book may be, to a large degree, a cooperative enterprise. In that respect, it resembles the "History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)," which was in part written by Joseph Stalin and long ago replaced "Das Kapital" as the key document of modern Communism.

This book is reminiscent of its Soviet counterpart for two other reasons: it seeks to create the impression of historic impartiality, and it must have been extraordinarily difficult to write—because historic impartiality is not among its aims.

Like some other autobiographies, this book is interesting for what is excluded as well as for what is included. Exclusion starts even before the table of contents. Where the author's other works are listed, Mr. Foster's most militant book, "Toward a Soviet America," which was published exactly two decades ago, is missing. But 1932 was, of course, a period in world Communist tactics which today would be regarded as "leftist deviationism."

In his older book, William Foster had written, "The American Soviet government will be organized along the lines of the Russian Soviets. The American Soviet government will join with the other Soviet governments in a world Soviet Union. The American Soviet government will be the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Mr. Foster, at that time, forecast that "in the early stages of the revolution, even before the seizure of power, the workers will organize Red Guards." He also anticipated that "under the dictatorship of the proletariat, all the capitalist parties—Republicans, Democrats, Progressives, Socialists, etc.—will be liquidated, the Communist Party alone functioning as the Party of the toiling masses."

Many a staid autobiographer is tempted to gloss over examples of early, youthful exuberance. But Mr. Foster's biography of the U. S. Communist Party does not entirely deny the promises of the past. He now writes that the Party "knows that, living up to the principles of Marxism-Leninism, it will one day lead the American working class and the nation, even as it is now the best representative of their interest." And he adds: "Nor can all the powers of arrogant capitalist reaction balk the CPUSA from fulfilling this historic role."

This history is so constructed as to create the impression of a Communist Party deeply rooted in American tradition. Some ten pages cover the period from 1793 to 1919, in order to show that the Communist Party "is the crystallization of the best in all these rich democratic and revolutionary traditions of the people; it is the embodiment of the toilers' aspirations for freedom and a better life." (Nothing here about Joseph Pogány, alias John Pepper, who was sent by the Comintern to put the CPUSA on a professionally revolutionary basis.)

Although it avoids a detailed "Soviet America" blueprint, the Foster book does summarize plans which the U. S. Communists have for the future. Foster now states that "Soviets are the highest form of the dictatorship of the proletariat, but they are not the only form." For the United States, the Communist Party favors "a broad coalition government, an American variant of the people's front" (which served Communist purposes so well in countries like Czechoslovakia).

As Foster puts it, such a government "could be elected in the first place and could be enabled to live and carry out its progressive program" only by "defeating" what he calls "Social-Democratic treachery and capitalist violence." The key word here is "violence," because the eleven colleagues of Mr. Foster who were tried and found guilty of violating the Smith Act maintained that they did not advocate violence. However, since their imprisonment, Mr. Foster has written in U. S. Communist publications and in the *Cominform Journal* that the American Communist would "smash through this capitalist violence"—which is rather like the Moscow version of North Korean Communist aggression in 1950, allegedly provoked by troops of the Korean Republic. Thus, on Foster's testimony, the U. S. Communists must be considered as favoring violence—supposedly in answer to "violence."

Foster writes that a U. S. "people's front" would also "require weakening the economic and political power of the monopolists by the nationalization of banks, the basic industries, the press, radio, television, etc., etc., and eventually by the reorganization of the army, police, etc., and by beginning to lay the basis for a planned economy."

This book was originally scheduled to be published on the thirtieth anniversary of the U. S. Communist Party. Publication was delayed, again and again. In order to conform to the swaying of the Party line, it must have been a difficult book to complete.

Martin Ebon is the author of "World Communism Today."

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Hometown Revolutionists

REPORT ON THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST. By Morris L. Ernst and David Loth. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 240 pp. $3.

By Daniel Bell

IT IS a pity that Messrs. Ernst and Loth have written such a sloppy book, for theirs is one of the few attempts yet made to study why people become Communists and why they break. They have collected biographies from "nearly 300 former Communists." The number of cases is sizable, but meaningless, for of what validity are the conclusions unless we know how representative these individuals are? Messrs. Ernst and Loth assert, for example, that the typical Communist is a middle-class individual "brought up . . . in comfort and often in luxury . . . [He] has had far more schooling than the general population . . . . [He] is found more often in the professions."

Why should such an advantaged person turn to Communism? The authors fall back on parlor psychoanalysis. The Communist has a "sense of personal inadequacy . . . induced by resentment and strong frustration . . . . large groups have grown up under the egis of a dominating father or an overpowering mother." Since their explanations are primarily psychological, the authors assert that "the political complexion of government [at any given time] does not seem to have much influence upon the size of the membership." Further, the recruit of 1950 is very much like the recruit of 1920.

Such psychological reductionism is tendentious, and when it is not false, it is so general that one cannot differentiate those factors which lead some to find the Communist Party as an outlet and others to seek other modes of revolt. More important, it cannot explain the fluctuations of membership over the years.

The U. S. Communist Party in 1930, after eleven years of existence, had no more than 8,000 members. Four years later membership had tripled; by 1939 it had climbed to over 75,000. Clearly, the Popular Front and the climate of the New Deal allowed the Party to prosper. At different times, different types of individuals have been attracted to the Communist movement. In the early Thirties the declassed youth and students who found their aspirations blocked by the Depression moved "left." Negroes, like Richard Wright and Ralph Ellison, thought they could find social equality and comradeship and were cruelly deceived. The social-worker type felt that the "business values" of capitalism were inferior to the social engineering of Communism, and droves of those joined at a time. Scientists with a passion for order joined in the thought that a Communist social system was more rational. In the salad days of the Popular Front, Hollywood figures flocked in as part of a cozy non-conformity. If one were to construct a rough index of social types, based on signers of "front" statements, one would find a curious succession, with literary figures predominating in the Thirties, and ministers the prime dupes in the late Forties and Fifties. In part the answer lies in the different appeal of the Communists, in the one case a literary rebellion, in the latter, "peace"; but it is precisely these different images that attract different types of persons.

Apart from fellow-travelers and some of the middle ranks of Party leafers, the assertion that the Communist is primarily from a middle-class background strikes me as highly dubious. It certainly was not true of the rank-and-file in the Twenties. Although many middle-class individuals joined in the Popular Front, so did many union members as a consequence of Communist activity at that time. In fact, "Robert," one of Ernst's and Loth's cases, reports that when he organized a county in the West, half of the 400 members were from unions and only seventy-five were professionals.

One of the most interesting bits of data in the book is the information, attributed to the FBI, that of 5,395 Communist leaders in 1948, 3,908 were of foreign birth or immigrant parents and the overwhelming percentage of these were of Russian descent. Messrs. Ernst and Loth imply that as Russians they were more highly trusted by Moscow and hence placed into leading positions. The simpler answer would seem to be that these were the Communists with longer service, since the Party in the Twenties was primarily from foreign-language federations and first-generation urban children. Again, a simpler factor of time is ignored.

It is a pity that Messrs. Ernst and Loth have concentrated so much of their energy to prove American Communism a form of middle-class neurosis. If they have failed to grapple successfully with the problem, they have raised real and important questions. Most important, they have tried to show the Communist novitiate as a human being with idealistic impulses and to convince the public that combatting Communism is much more than a police action or publicity via Congressional exposure. Of those who become Communists, a few become hardened and turn into Party hacks or agents. The greater number, after a painful period of soul searching, "break" and leave. Yet the decision is difficult. Communism provided a sense of involvement and a tingling feeling of action. In joining the Party old ties were broken and new ones are difficult to form. Becoming an ex-Communist often means becoming a pariah, especially recently when those who have broken late, or are the most vindictive, become shrill and vociferous and demand that all other ex-Communists be as shrill as they, or else face the mendacious insinuation that the break was not real.

Messrs. Ernst and Loth have a number of positive recommendations for dealing with the social and emotional problems of those who would like to break from the Party. They propose a national commission outside the realm of publicity-seeking, which would explore the extent of the Communist menace; they suggest, half seriously, the formation of a "Communists Anonymous" which would serve the same function as does Alcoholics Anonymous for those with alcoholic addiction. These proposals, made schematically, deserve wide discussion. It's a pity, again, that the authors did not do *that* job rather than indulge themselves in facile and misleading psychologizing.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.
"One Man's Poison Another Man's Meat."

Daniel Bell, labor editor of Fortune *magazine, is the author of a history of Marxian Socialism in the U. S. that was included in the compendium "Socialism and American Life," published by Princeton University Press.*

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"The More Change the More the Same"

THE RUSSIAN MENACE TO EUROPE. By Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Edited by Paul W. Blackstock and Bert F. Hozelitz. Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press. 288 pp. $3.75.

By BERTRAM D. WOLFE

IN 1894, near the end of his life, Friedrich Engels wrote an article for the Russian journal *Sotsialdemokrat* on "The Foreign Policy of Russian Tsarism." It was the ripe fruit of a lifetime of thought on this subject, and contained a prophetic warning of a possible world war in which "Russia and France would be on one side, Germany and Austria on the other . . . and the final decision depend on England." In 1914 this prophecy was fulfilled and Russian orthodox Marxism was proud of its prophet. But in 1934, when the Russian journal *Bolshevik* wanted to reprint the article in its number commemorating the twentieth anniversary of World War I, Joseph Stalin secretly forbade this act of Marxist piety. This was one of the first big steps in the censorship of the writings of Marx and Engels by Stalin. Now Messrs. Blackstock and Hoselitz have compiled a book of 215 pages (without counting their own commentary) made up of writings of Marx and Engels which have either never circulated freely in the "Marxist" Soviet Union or are now unobtainable, unquotable, or totally suppressed.

What can there be in these writings of "the Founders" so dangerous that the self-proclaimed "Best Disciple" has decided to suppress them? After all, Marx and Engels were not writing about Stalinism but about Czarism. They condemn Czarist reaction, autocracy, imperialism, and personal rule, but so did Lenin and Stalin. They express hope of a revolution in Russia which would put an end to Czarist absolutism and ruthless expansion, and Stalin can rightly allege that there has been such a revolution. Yet by 1934 Stalin was taking over so many elements of Czarist absolutism and autocracy to build them into his new total state regime, and so much of Czarist imperialist aims that these "sacred" writings became more and more uncomfortable and subversive.

Marx and Engels considered the ruthless expansion of Czarist absolutism to be the greatest menace to the freedom of Europe. Put *Vozhd* where they put *Autocrat*, put *totalitarianism* where they put *absolutism*, put *purge* where they wrote *knout*, and scores of passages achieve a startling contemporaneity.

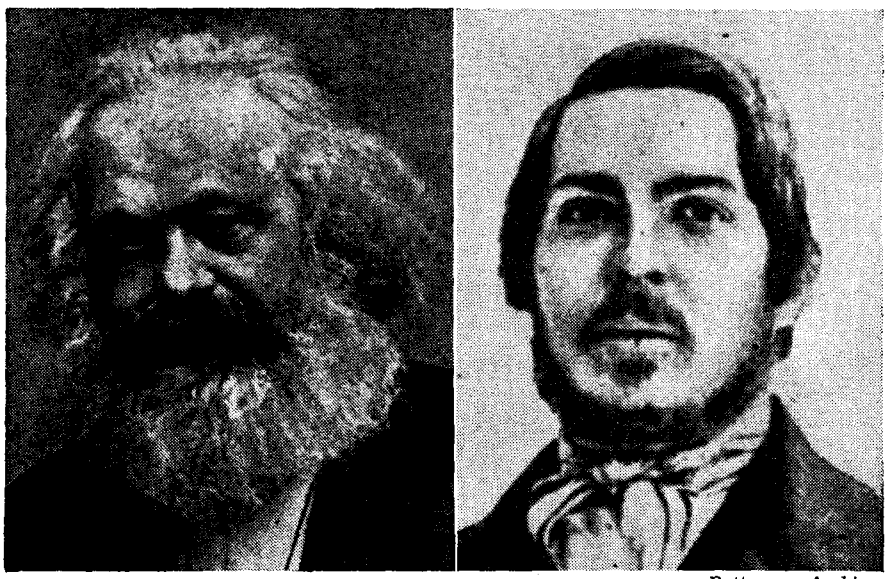
"The policy of Russia is changeless," wrote Marx. "Its methods, its tactics, its maneuvers may change, but the pole star of its policy—world domination—is a fixed star."

Stalin has taken up Pan-Slavism as an instrument of imperialist policy, but Engels wrote: "The immediate objective of Pan-Slavism is the setting up under Russian domination of a Slavic empire from the Erzgebirge and the Carpathians to the Black, Aegean, and Adriatic seas . . . to convert Austria . . . to cut off one-third of Germany and all of Hungary, to change Vienna and Budapest into Slavic cities." What Marx and Engels wrote about the Balkans, Greece and Turkey, and the Dardanelles during the Crimean War sounds uncommonly like an appeal to all good democrats and all good Europeans to support the Truman Doctrine. The calls for the liberation of Poland sound like a battle cry. Even more startling are the exposures of "Russian agents," of the pose that they are liberating the countries they seek to subjugate, the hope expressed that the Russian people will overthrow their tyrannical despotism, liberate subjugated neighbor peoples, take control of their own foreign policy and domestic affairs, get rid of their oppressive bureaucracy, give land to the peasants. "A people which oppresses another cannot liberate itself."

We must be grateful to Messrs. Blackstock and Hoselitz for having given freedom of press to Marx and Engels and made available to us these works which are suppressed in the very country that professes to be based upon Marxism and to be the guardian of Marx's and Engels's works. But they have made two serious errors in their presentation which greatly weaken their effectiveness.

First, they have failed to note that some of what Marx and Engels wrote is out of date, some of it youthful, bloodcurdling bombast, some of it part of their unexamined heritage of German nationalism, though much of it contains deep and illuminating insights valuable for our own day. Their few criticisms are so feeble as to suggest an excessive worship of a sacred text as if one authoritarianism were set up against another. Thus, they single out to quote without demurrer in their own introduction Marx's estimate of the Russian Government as "a civilized government ruling over barbarian masses."

Much more serious, in their introduction one feels a total lack of any feeling concerning the fundamental difference between totalitarianism and the more limited despotism of the Czars. In their eagerness to score a debater's point they exaggerate continuity and minimize difference to the vanishing point, concluding their introduction with a passage which must vitiate their work for any sociologist or historian who has the faintest insight into the monstrous features which differentiate the total states of Hitler and Stalin from nineteenth-century despotisms. Their conclusion ("A comparison of Stalinist Russia with Czarist Russia may be summed up by the adage: *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*") goes a long way to undermine the very purpose they set out to serve in their work.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Marx and Engels—"the policy of Russia is changeless."

Bertram D. Wolfe is the author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other works on the USSR.

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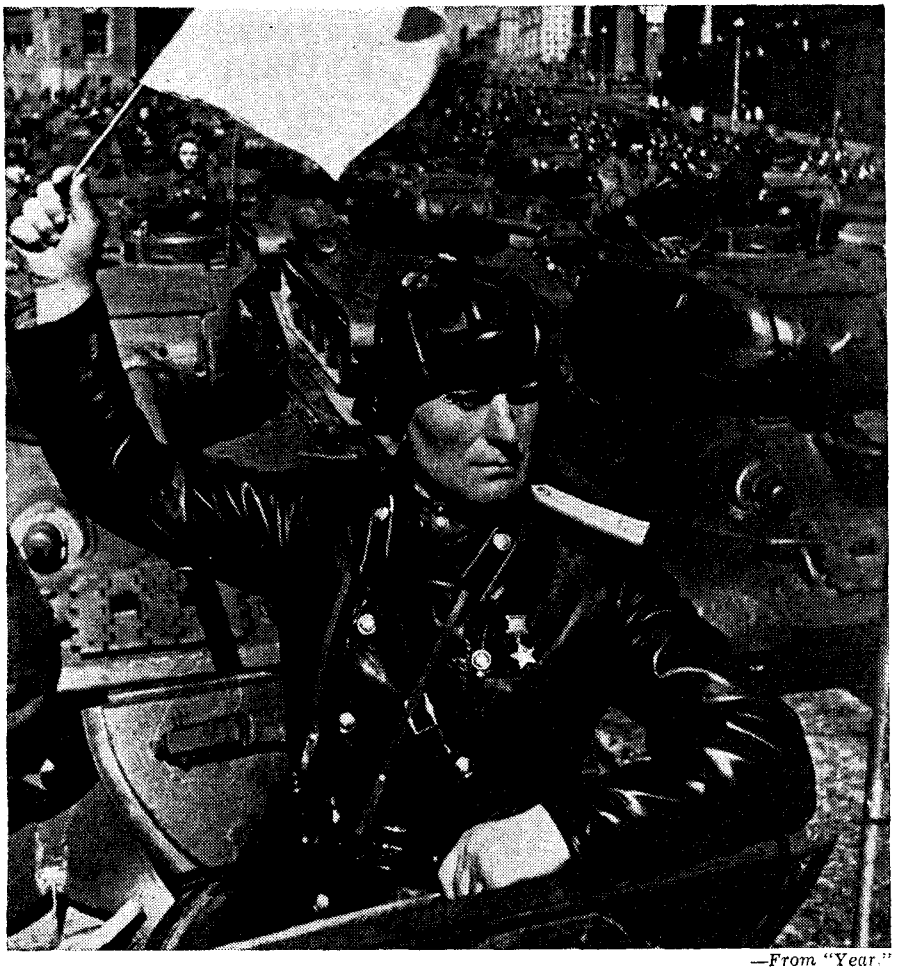

—From "Year."

Moscow May Day military parade—"unceasing economic and military progress."

Tourist Without Passport

A RELUCTANT TRAVELER IN RUSSIA. By Tadeusz Wittlin. New York: Rinehart & Co. 280 pp. $3.

By GEORGE FISCHER

ANOTHER eyewitness account of Stalin's Russia! Anyone who hopes to keep up with this voluminous genre of Cold War literature may well groan.

It is the cold war which has maintained at a high pitch the world's uneasy curiosity about Soviet life. But since the cold war has also reduced to near-zero the West's willingness to consider anything published inside the USSR, the reader is thrown back either on the academic output of the ivory tower or on the two eyewitness sources outside the USSR: the exiled native and the visiting foreigner.

George Fischer, author of "Soviet Opposition to Stalin," reviewed in this issue, spent a dozen years in the USSR before and during World War II.

World War II, in particular, has produced a flood of such eyewitness accounts. Tadeusz Wittlin's "A Reluctant Traveler in Russia" is the latest of these. The main explanation for the wealth of wartime accounts is that the years from 1939 to 1945 provided an unprecedented opportunity for a variety of groups not only to see but also to leave the country. Each of these groups has since produced eyewitness accounts: Soviet "non-returners" (Vladimir Petrov's "My Retreat from Russia" and his "Soviet Gold"); former German prisoners of war (Helmut M. Fehling, "One Great Prison"); Soviet officials abroad (Victor Kravchenko, "I Chose Freedom"); Western war correspondents (Alexander Werth, "The Year of Stalingrad"); diplomats (General John R. Deane, "The Strange Alliance"); foreign Communists who had come to the USSR as technicians (Alexander Weissberg, "The Accused"); or those seeking asylum (Margarete Buber, 'Under Two Dictators"); "liberated" Polish soldiers (General Wladyslaw Anders, "An Army in Exile"); and civilians (Jerzy Gliksman, "Tell the West").

It is in this last category that the book under review belongs. Tadeusz Wittlin, now in New York as a writer for the Voice of America, had been editor of *The Barber of Warsaw*, Poland's prewar counterpart to *The New Yorker*. In World War II he fought in the Polish Army and fell into Soviet hands after escaping German captivity. Thereupon the author spent some two years in Soviet prison camps. He was freed from a long forced labor sentence in Siberia only when the Soviets approved the formation of General Anders's Polish Army.

"A Reluctant Traveler in Russia" does not offer a continuous autobiographical account. Nor does it attempt a systematic description of Soviet forced labor camps. Instead, the author attempts to apply to this nightmarish topic his professional training and skills as a writer. He does this through a series of vignettes. The vignettes vary greatly in quality; a few are lyrical and moving, others seem disjointed and incomplete. As to the Soviet Union, Wittlin apparently wants to show that alongside its abnormalities of poverty and dirt and regimentation one can detect normal joys and normal hopes.

In contrast to this, almost all other eyewitness books paint a far more negative picture of the USSR, a picture totally in dark colors. So great has become the tension between the Soviet Union and the West, so vocal the opponents of moderation, that this may well deprive us of a realistic perspective. Increasingly the West recognizes that Soviet totalitarianism is despotic at home and expansionist abroad. But, despite cold war passions, we dare not overlook a number of other crucial facts. Most important among these is the continuing viability of the Soviet regime, its unceasing economic and military progress, its apparent ability to obtain some support from large segments of the population. The West may well wish that it were not so. But, wishing this as strongly as it does, the West runs a very grave risk. Even more than in the past, the West may come to believe only that which confirms its own wishful thinking.

As an outgrowth of both the cold war mood of the West and the embitterment of most exile and foreign sources, it is just such one-sided accounts that today prevail among eyewitness books on the USSR. If anything, Wittlin's book errs on the same side of wishful thinking. Yet in a partial way "A Reluctant Traveler in Russia" is a welcome corrective.

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Revolt to the Past

SOVIET OPPOSITION TO STALIN: A Case Study in World War II. By George Fischer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 230 pp. $4.

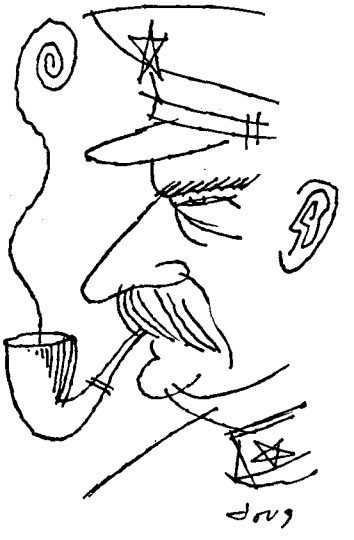
By Alexander Dallin

MILLIONS of Soviet citizens became German prisoners during World War II. Their attitudes and aspirations have ever since been the object of much facile writing and idle speculation. In particular, the major organization of Soviet "collaborators" in the Reich, known by the name of its leader as the "Vlasov movement," has variously been described as Nazi, Communist, and democratic; quisling and independent-minded; authoritarian and liberal.

To unravel the scanty and contradictory evidence on the Vlasov movement and to assemble piece by piece the widely scattered data was a task that required the skill of a historian, the feeling of one versed in current events, and the ingenuity of an academic detective. Dr. George Fischer has ably combined all these to give us the first scrupulously objective history of the Vlasov movement.

The very subject-matter makes this important book far more than a historical exercise. The defection of millions of Red Army men provided the West with the only large sample of Soviet-bred citizens who could be observed under non-Soviet conditions. But what rendered their choices more tragically difficult, and the value of this entire "experiment" more questionable in terms of inferences to be drawn, was the German wartime milieu into which they were thrust.

For the longest time the blind dogmatism of the Nazi leaders barred the use of *Untermenschen* as anything more than slaves. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners died of a combination of German intent and neglect. If there were men of good will who sought to relieve their fate, and if there were realists who sought to exploit their potential of disaffection for the German cause, it was only under the hammerblows of defeat that the theretofore semi-legitimate efforts could be converted into a belated large-scale enterprise aiming at the political and military mobilization of Soviet defectors in the Reich under the egis of Andrei Vlasov, himself a prominent Soviet general until his capture in 1942. But by then—late 1944—Germany was doomed and so was any movement that had tied its fate to it. As if to demonstrate that they were no quislings, in the last days of the war, Vlasov's men joined the patriots in Prague to oust the SS from the Czech capital. Oblivious to the moral dilemma that the Vlasovites had faced, the Soviet Government saw in them nothing more than "traitors," and with the connivance and help of the Western powers forcibly repatriated them to face you-know-what.



Even more fascinating than the tug-of-war which raged behind the smooth totalitarian façade of Nazi *Gleichschaltung* regarding these men is the political and psychological complexion of the Soviet captives. Fischer concludes that, after they had an opportunity to acquaint themselves with an alternative and systematize the manifold strains of hitherto inarticulate resentment against the Soviet regime, their ideology amounted to a combination of protest against the terror of the police state, and the acceptance of certain facets of Soviet society—the normative goals of a welfare state as well as, more subconsciously, much of the morals and mores bred by decades of Bolshevik rule. These conclusions coincide fully with this reviewer's observations but they instil him with less pessimism regarding the future than Mr. Fischer is prone to succumb to. The author himself shows rather persuasively how post-Stalinist leadership can arise from among the military, the technical intelligentsia, Party deviationists, and other walks of Soviet life.

While most of the author's provocative ideas are convincing, this reviewer must register his dissent from at least one—his postulate of "inertness" as the single most important feature of Soviet society, which (according to him) even "saps the capacity of the Soviet individual to act spontaneously on most matters." The valid concomitant of this thesis is the author's skepticism about the chances of popular revolt within the USSR or any other totalitarian state. Mr. Fischer's study is equally healthy as an antidote to the "all-it-needs-is-a-little-push" school of foreign observers eager to precipitate the collapse of the Soviet edifice with the aid of a hotfoot. But the ubiquitous "inertness" thesis as presented here is both confusing and contradicted by the author's own evidence. There is no one type of Soviet man; reactions of Soviet citizens differ; and the intensity and variations of social, national, political aspirations among the defectors reduce the overriding significance of this Custine-cum-Orwell master key, "inertness," to a purely temporary, occasional, and environmental phenomenon.

There is room for debate on many facets of Mr. Fischer's presentation. But his facts are solid and his reasoning bold. If the people of the Soviet Union are to be our allies, in cold war or hot, the recognition of their aspirations is a prerequisite for the avoidance of those pitfalls which, organically, the Nazi state was unable to escape.

Alexander Dallin is associate director of the Research Program on the USSR of Columbia University.

Communist Crater

WHAT BECAME OF JULIET POYNTZ?: Juliet Stuart Poyntz, a brilliant, unscrupulous woman from Omaha who had risen—or sunk—to a position of importance in the Soviet underground, vanished fifteen years ago, at the age of fifty-three. Her body was never found.

Mrs. Poyntz was lured from her New York home on June 3, 1937, according to Guenther Reinhardt, a German (now naturalized American) romanticist who has doubled in journalism and intelligence work. She was strangled during an auto ride into Westchester, he says. Her body was taken to Williamsburg, New York City, dressed in cement and dumped into the harbor. In **"Crime Without Punishment"** (Hermitage House, $3.50), an account of alleged violence by the Soviet secret police, Mr. Reinhardt brushes aside other attempted solutions of the Poyntz mystery. His is the only true account, he says.

Juliet Poyntz was liquidated because she planned to write about her role in extorting confessions from Old Bolsheviks who opposed Stalin. The

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revelation of her disposal was contained in a letter from Leon Trotsky which Reinhardt says he saw during a 1942 visit to the Brooklyn home of Ludwig Lore, ex-Communist leader. Lore died in 1942. In the short period between his death and the purchase of his houseful of records by the FBI, a single item disappeared. It was the Trotsky letter on Poyntz, according to Reinhardt. Carlo Tresca, famous anarchist, was gunned to death in New York in January 1943, after he threatened exposure of Communist control of a foreign language press council in the U. S. The killing was done by Murder Inc. for Moscow gold, says Reinhardt.

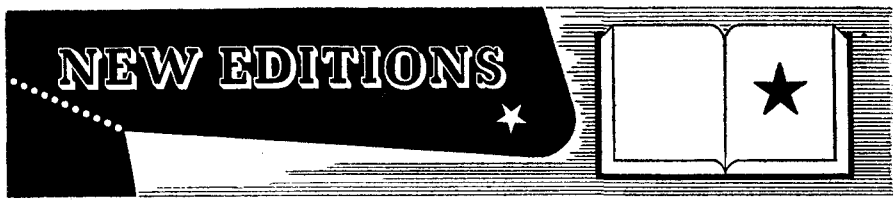
Other theories have been offered. How does the author know this is the true Tresca story? It seems there was a meeting at a private home in Mexico City at an unspecified date. There Enea Sormenti, Soviet executioner, made his report on the indirect achievement. André Simone, a top Comintern agent, got drunk later in a public place and blabbed about it to somebody who told Reinhardt. What better evidence can you ask than that?

The death of General Walter Krivitsky, who had been talking in Washington to U. S. authorities about the Soviet net in Europe, is listed by Reinhardt as a suicide in quotes, with no further comment one way or the other. Some accidents are described by Reinhardt as camouflaged murders, others are merely mentioned in an ominous way.

Basically, belief in the stories presented by "Crime Without Punishment" depends largely on the reader's appraisal of the author, who has undoubtedly done some FBI work and some military counter-intelligence, who has been around underground, so to speak, but who emerges as an intense, dramatic person inclined to ride a theory to death.

Reinhardt speaks of Sir Percy Sillitoe, the British counter-intelligence chief, as Sir Percy Sillicox, and he lists the sentence of David Greenglass, the atom spy, at thirty instead of fifteen years, to mention two of many minor slips. Except for occasional purple passages, exemplified in the conclusion to a chapter on Communist penetration in Guatemala, the writing is adequate. The book has an excellent index.

—Oliver Pilat.



THE Oxford University Press has done a service to lovers of good fiction by making readily available Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life" (World's Classics Double, $2). This remarkable book, written by a brilliant young English emigrant to Australia, and first published in 1874, falls just short of a place among the greatest Victorian novels; it falls short as a whole, but it is not far from the top, and there are parts of it that stand level with the work of the masters. It is a tale of agony, of the almost incredible sufferings of an innocent man who is transported to the penal settlements of Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania) in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, and there—in that British hell which so gloriously anticipated France's Devil's Island—is tortured in mind and body for the term of his natural life. The reader is tortured with him, but he is also carried along by an irresistible storytelling power, he is sustained by unflagging excitement, and his way is lighted by flashes of a humor that is savage or gentle at will.

It would seem that Clarke could do amazingly well just about anything that he wished to do as a novelist, but he lacked either the judgment or the will to refuse to do certain things that were highly fashionable in his day. His few faults are gross, but his many virtues are great. Let him give coincidence a longer arm than even most Victorians dared to give it; let him wallow in sentimentality; let him make the rantings of the unfortunate Reverend North almost intolerable—it hardly matters. There is enough life and truth and passion here for a dozen novels. But Dr. Allen is quite right, in his introduction, to warn readers against the prologue. That certainly shows Clarke at his worst. It is essential, but to be done with as quickly as possible. However, once it is done with, rewards for the reader come quickly.

"Hard Times" (Everyman's, $1.25) is not a favorite of most Dickensians: but it struck fierce blows where they were needed; Taine thought it was an abstract of all Dickens's fiction: Chesterton professes great admiration for it in his introduction to the present edition; and I admit that I have a hard but still an amused spot in my heart reserved for Josiah Bounderby.

If there is a question about the place of "Hard Times" among its author's works, there is none about "The Cloister and the Hearth," which now may be had in a fine Heritage Press edition ($5)—legacy of the Limited Editions Club—introduced rather sloppily by Hendrik Van Loon, and strikingly illustrated by Lynd Ward. In this tale of the fifteenth century, Reade let go with all he had and wrote one of our great romances. Nor is there any doubt about "Moby Dick," the World's Classics edition of which ($1.25) has been reset by Oxford. In the introduction, Viola Meynell says that this book carries us "to the comprehensible limits of marvelous imagination," and she asserts: "To read it and absorb it is the crown of one's reading life . . ." Nor is there any doubt about "The Way of All Flesh," now in the American Editions of Everyman's (Dutton, $1.45), introduced by George Moreby Acklom. Samuel Butler's masterpiece has a tone and a flavor that are not to be matched elsewhere. I have read it in many editions, always with fresh pleasure. And there can be little doubt that Sigrid Undset's "The Master of Hestviken" (Knopf, $5) ranks with its author's best. Now that it is back in print, this four-part tale of medieval Norway should satisfy the needs of many readers who wish to curl up for a long time with a good book, and be carried far away from the world that is with us.

A most welcome Modern Library Giant is "Tales of Grimm and Andersen" ($2.45), with an introduction by Auden. The Grimms' power of flat, convincing statement, within the realm of the marvelous, makes Andersen's clever fantasies seem all artifice. Maurice Walsh's "Blackcock's Feather" (Lippincott, $3) is for those who like good sword play combined with romantic love, rather than with sex.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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The Saturday Review

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America's Will & Her Soul

IN the nineteenth century Americans were borrowers of culture. In the twentieth we are still borrowers, according to our critics in Europe and Asia. We have, apparently, nothing to export in that line of goods. We have to offer only a flood of mechanical inventions, from the motor car and the airplane to the washing machine, Coca-Cola, and the deep freeze. The conception that the United States consists of one-hundred-and-fifty-eight million people, all of whom are descendants of Europeans, Africans, and a few Asiatics who brought over with them and implanted on our soil the seeds of their own cultures, seems to be neglected. We have even borrowed from the Indians, as well as the Spanish, as anyone can see who visits the Southwest.

In an essay in *The American Scholar* a year ago Sidney Alexander pointed out that when four of our literary giants, Thoreau, Emerson, Whitman, and Melville, were writing and dreaming "now-forgotten Continentals admired our political system and pooh-poohed our learning." He quotes the classical remark of a patronizing European visitor, "Oh, well, you have just borrowed from us." But what country has not adapted the philosophy, literature, and art of others and developed its own culture by the same process of cross-fertilization which has created the United States?

An American attacked by foreigners for our materialism has never known what to say. He can speak to no avail of our orchestras, of the constant stream of classical and modern music that night and day crowds the air-waves, of our theatres, our museums of art, our vast universities, and of our modern literature translated and read abroad by millions of Europeans. It is embarrassing to have to defend ourselves against the preconceptions of people who will not listen.

But now it has become necessary to explain the American philosophy of life, to advance our claims for recognition as a civilized nation. The denial that we have any culture worth speaking of has become a political weapon in the hands of those who are presumably our friends or who are, or have been, our allies. It is useless, and apparently it has even become offensive, to mention that we have the highest standard of life and pay the highest wages of any country on earth. That is not an evidence that we are a cultivated people, although the wealth of nations or individuals and the development of the arts have always gone hand in hand. A nation that cannot afford to pay for orchestras, operas, theatres, art galleries, and a continuous stream of books inevitably loses its artists, writers, painters, singers, and actors to other countries, and is itself spiritually impoverished.

We are now desperately trying to prove to our critics across the Atlantic and the Pacific that we belong to the community of civilized nations, not only because our military power and our billions have made us the leader of the crusade for peace and a united world, but because we ourselves have something to contribute in our way of life, our devotion to the freedom of the individual, and the rapid development of our creative writers and artists. We must prove that though we are still borrowers we are also lenders. Actually, we have not learned how to meet this continuing and now concerted attack. It is all very well to say that we ourselves know what we are, and to pay foreigners to come over here and take a look at us, but, unfortunately, they have preconceived opinions and will neither look nor listen.

IT is useless to exclaim, like Lewis Galantière, "They are humiliated by the thought that they must seek help from our hands, and they console themselves in their humiliation by the comforting thought that their culture is superior to ours," if we do not know how to answer the complaint of Manoo Masani, a distinguished former ambassador from India, who recently in these pages wrote "that too many Asians have the impression that while America feeds the body she starves the mind." He then quoted the paradox presented by Prof. M. A. Lineberger after visiting the Orient, "Americans believe in spiritual things, but they try to buy them by material means—by dollars, by gifts, by aid. The Communists believe in material things, but they offer people something to join, something to do, something to fight." Though Mr. Masani is without question a friend of America who believes in our ultimate aims, we do not know how to reply to him.

It has become necessary that we should learn how to satisfy him, as well as our innumerable critics in Europe. According to the recent book "The Taming of Nations" by F. S. C. Northrop, Sterling Professor of Philosophy and Law at Yale University, we must first become acquainted with the frame of mind of our questioners from Asia, so that we may understand what has puzzled and even wounded many Americans: neutrality in the Cold War. "In the case of India," Professor Northrop writes, "the complexity of its recent behavior has necessitated a more systemized and complex analysis of Indian culture than the traditional literature has provided . . . It is essential to comprehend Gandhi's way to settle disputes between men and nations and that of the equally popular Subhas Bose, the contemporary Maharajas, and the Aryan-Hindu law books, since both forms of behavior appeal to the Hindu classics for their moral justification." In other words, we must learn to understand the culture and the philosophies of our critics before we can find the words through which we may explain to them our own complex conceptions of what America has to offer. It will be difficult; but since it is necessary, we will discover the men who can do so. It is part of our philosophy and, let us say, part of our culture, that nothing on which we set our heart and mind is impossible to accomplish. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Applause for "Omnibus"

▶ I WAS QUITE SURPRISED and no little dismayed to read Robert Lewis Shayon's cold and unfriendly review of "Omnibus," the new CBS-TV production [*SR* Nov. 29]. The few roses that he tossed at it did not make up for the large bundle of thorns he flung at this new and distinguished form of TV programming.

Instead of spearing this new fish before it has a chance to mature, I would suggest that critics applaud such ventures in concrete terms and not throw up their arms in dismay because the program in question does not, from the very start, jolt them from their seats with its viewpoint and/or attitude and/or style.

If the critics deplore the present low state of TV, let them cry out against the unbearable ads for breath-sweeteners and hair oils and nicotinic smoke poisons; let them question the *raison d'être* for such ridiculous time-wasters as the "My Hero" and "I Love Lucy" flock. A program like "Omnibus" is, to use a trite phrase, a new light on an otherwise dark horizon. Calling it a "device" is not being constructive. *Au contraire,* it indicates to me that the critic is seeking some nebulous sort of perfection—and I doubt if he will ever find it on TV or any other human medium. As long as TV can present programs of the caliber of "Omnibus," "Victory at Sea," and "Your Show of Shows," we can hope for a continued ascendancy of it as an entertainment and educational force. I will continue to applaud and support such programs in spite—or perhaps because—of the fact that in a world of imperfections they aspire to come close to the "something for everyone" which makes a good program exactly that.

IRVING GIRSHICK.

Stamford, Conn.

Willkie's Boyishness

▶ JAMES M. MINIFIE'S review of the biography of Wendell Willkie intrigued me mostly because of one phrase, that when he died in 1944 at the age of fifty-two Willkie "had barely outgrown an incorrigible boyishness" [*SR* Nov. 15].

In the late summer of 1943 I sat in on a press conference with Willkie, or rather stood in on it; for the meeting was held in a park in Reno, with the defeated Presidential candidate seated on a green bench alongside of, I think, the editor of the *Nevada State Journal,* and the rest of us standing around taking notes.

From this distance the principal impression I retain of the man is one of bubbling energy and optimism. I must admit that I was prejudiced against his viewpoint, thinking of him in terms of Harold Ickes's pungent summation—"the barefoot boy from Wall Street."

But it was Wall Street and not his boyishness to which I objected. Mr. Minifie uses the term as if it were a secret vice that resisted all efforts at correction. If vigor, alertness, a hopeful outlook, and a readiness to smile and crack a joke are the symptoms of the boy that lurks behind the façade of many big men, we could use more of it on the current political scene.

RIDGELY CUMMINGS.

Hollywood, Calif.

"I don't know why you can't write! You have plenty of atmosphere."

Lincoln's Ancestry

▶ I HAVE TWO clippings which show that Lincoln was descended from John Bowne, the Quaker of Flushing [LETTERS, *SR* Nov. 29], who was arrested by Peter Stuyvesant and sent to Holland for trial because he insisted on holding Quaker meetings in his home, and whose house was dedicated as a shrine a few years ago. The clippings also show that Lincoln was descended from Obadiah Holmes, a Baptist minister who was whipped in Massachusetts because he held Baptist meetings there.

The first clipping is a letter written to the editor of *The New York Times* by Marie Alice Kennedy, dated February 21, 1925, headed "Lincoln's Ancestry." She describes the career of Obadiah Holmes (who had moved from Massachusetts to Rhode Island because of persecution and returned there on a visit) in some detail. Then she says: "His daughter Lydia married Capt. John Bowne" (one of the promoters of the settlement of Monmouth County, New Jersey). Their daughter Sarah married Richard Salter; their daughter, Hannah Salter, married Mordecai Lincoln and they were parents of John Lincoln, great-grandfather of the President.

The other clipping is an article by Ida M. Tarbell, in the Resort Section of the Sunday *Times* of June 20, 1937, "A Tour of Old Lincoln Shrines." She states that Samuel Lincoln landed at Salem just three hundred years earlier and settled in Hingham. She gives much detail to show he was a man of property. She then follows the family, generation by generation, to Springfield, Illinois. Miss Tarbell mentions Samuel's grandson Mordecai, who was one of the early settlers of Monmouth County, and says that he married into "the grandest family of the countryside—the Salters." She says that this connected him with "the prominent New York family, the Bownes" and, through the Bownes, with the family of "that splendid old patriarch, Obadiah Holmes, of Connecticut."

Apparently neither of these writers knew of John Bowne's arrest and trial for upholding his convictions. Curiously, each of them says that Abraham Lincoln was not a Quaker. Miss Kennedy is sure he was a Baptist, because of the Holmes ancestry. The one open link in the chain of this material is the relationship between John Bowne of Flushing and Captain John Bowne. I assume they were father and son. Miss Tarbell in her article refers to the acquaintance between the Lincolns and the Boones, and says that a daughter of Mordecai Lincoln married a Boone, and that they were Quakers.

It seems strange that this material seems to have gone unnoticed so long. It seems clear that Abraham Lincoln himself did not know about these stories of his ancestry. This is easily understood, in view of the wanderings of the family over several generations, their pioneer mode of living, and the early death of his grandfather, with its serious effects in the family. It took the interest of Ida Tarbell to bring the facts to light.

AUGUSTA FIELD.

Jersey City, N. J.

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Seeing Things

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

WE ALL know that Ben Jonson, in spite of his admiration for his "beloved" Shakespeare, could not resist pointing out that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What Jonson, so copious in his classical knowledge, would think of us Americans, who have forgotten the little Latin we had and have been denied all knowledge of Greek, is not a thought to encourage smugness.

We would not blame Ben if he thundered his contempt. We would even understand it if his disgust were mixed with pity, for with the passing years some of us have come to realize our loss. We dwell in the mansion of what is called culture and yet do not inhabit the whole house. Great wings are closed to us, the glories and beauties of which we can only guess at when we wander into them. Even then we see them not with our own eyes but through the filtering lens of translation.

How much we have lost was never made clearer than when we had the privilege of seeing the National Theatre of Greece* present "Electra" and "Oedipus Tyrannus" in Greek. In both cases the Greek employed was not the language of Sophocles, though precious few of us would have had any way of knowing this had the program not told us so. We were listening to modern Greek, and the texts were described as translations. Yet what we heard was unquestionably closer to the language which delighted the ears and lifted the spirits of ancient Athenians than any speech the majority of us have listened to before.

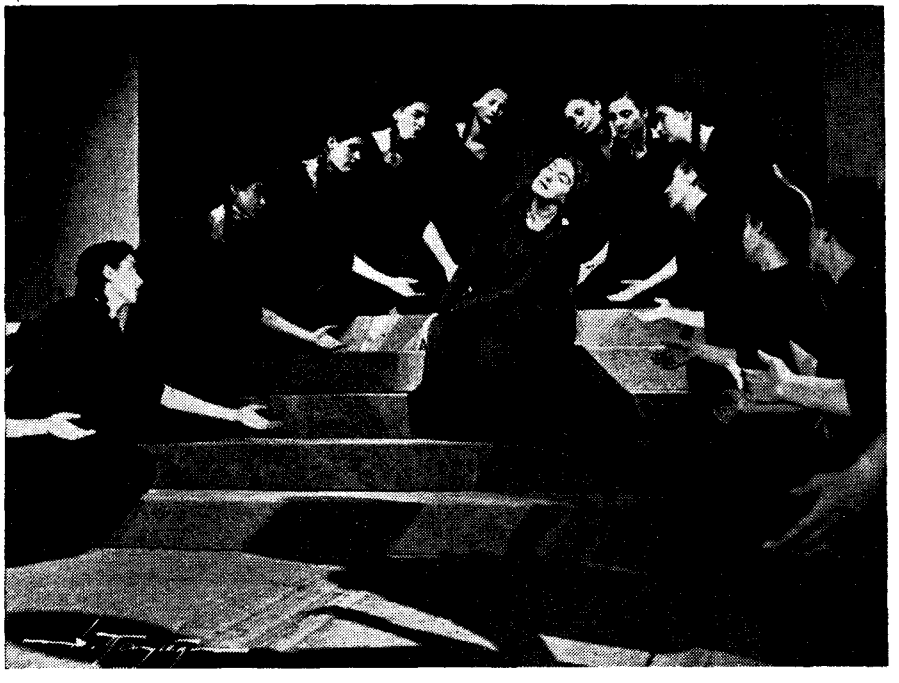
To sit through a play done in a foreign language, no matter how familiar one may be with it in translation, can be an exasperating or chilling experience. A certain hardihood of interest is essential, and often overtaxed. It is maddening to hear without being able to understand, and easy to become irritated by your own inadequacy. The whole proceeding can carry you back to those humiliating moments in your childhood when, in the midst of talking to you, your parents would suddenly speak French (at least their idea of French) in order to make some point they felt too grown up for your young ears.

To lose the give and take of comedy is trying enough; to be excluded from the glories of great language is more maddening still. Most of us have read "Electra" and "Oedipus" many times in English and seen them acted by British or American players. We come to them well acquainted with their plots, their tensions, their big scenes. and such notions of Sophocles's language as good or bad translators have given us. In case we have forgotten the details of the action and for the benefit of those who may have no knowledge of either tragedy, the program is eager to help. It provides a synopsis which, in terms that are brief, dry, and factual, attempts to tell what happens. But such happenings, so phrased, have little or nothing to do with what really happens in a play. Accordingly, the chief merit of these synopses is the finality with which they demonstrate that a drama's plot is not the cause of its greatness as literature or its excitements as theatre.

I must confess that, except for the remarkable manner in which the Chorus was handled throughout, "Oedipus" as done by the Greek National Theatre seemed to me a tepid affair until it reached those final agonizing moments when the King reappears self-blinded. The setting was impressive and Katina Paxinou an acceptable Jocasta. Yet something was missing, something that had nothing to do with the barrier of language but was a fault of the production itself.

WHAT was lacking was the terrible and ever-mounting excitement which made the Old Vic's production of the same tragedy six years ago an electrifying experience. It is perhaps unfair to compare the Oedipus of Alexis Minotis with Laurence Olivier's. The comparison, however, is inevitable because for those who saw Olivier the memory of his acting dominated this production by the Greeks.

By common consent Olivier's Oedipus was one of the supreme performances of our time. His initial casualness, his unmistakable majesty, his dawning suspicion of guilt, the heartbreak of the full realization of his crime, and the unforgettable horror of his cries when he put out his eyes—all these were established with genius.



Katina Paxinou in "Electra" surrounded by the Chorus of the National Theatre of Greece.

*THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE, presented by Guthrie McClintic by arrangement with American National Theatre and Academy. ELECTRA of Sophocles translated into modern Greek by J. Gryparis. Staged by Dimitri Rondiris. Scenery by C. Clonis. Music by Dimitri Mitropoulos. Costumes by Antonios Phocas. Orchestra under direction of George Lykoudis. Choreography by Loukia Sakellariou. With a cast including Katina Paxinou, Thanos Cotsopoulos, J. Apostolides, Rita Myrat, A. Raftopoulou, N. Hadziscos, H. Zaforopi, Al. Deliyannis, etc. OEDIPUS TYRANNUS of Sophocles translated into modern Greek by Photos Politis. Staged by Alexis Minotis. Scenery by C. Clonis. Music by Miss Paxinou. Costumes by Antonios Phocas. Orchestra under direction of George Lykoudis. Choreography by Agapi Evangelidou. With a cast including Alexis Minotis, Katina Paxinou, Basil Kanakis, N. Hadziscos, J. Apostolides, P. Zervos, Nicos Paraskevas, St. Vocovitch, Thanos Cotsopoulos, etc. At the Mark Hellinger Theatre, New York City. November 19-December 7, 1952.

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That genius was absent in Mr. Minotis's playing. Although he bettered toward the climax, until that time he was adequate rather than exceptional and had competence but no fire.

The production of "Electra" was quite different. Its Clytemnestra may have been disappointing, its Orestes more serviceable than inspired. Nonetheless, it was absorbing. It swept forward irresistibly and rose to its stunning moments of dignity and beauty. Madame Paxinou's Electra was done in the great tradition. It had admirable authority and was spoken in a voice commanding in its depth and resonance. The Chorus of Women was, if anything, even finer than the Chorus of Theban Elders in "Oedipus." It was handled with a skill and deployed with a grace that I have never seen matched in the staging of a Greek tragedy.

Although the functions of such a Chorus are easy enough for scholars to enumerate in print, these duties usually present problems which defy solution on the stage. Every student of the Attic theatre remembers that the Chorus serves a multiple purpose. The lyric as opposed to the dramatic passages are entrusted to it. Its members have been described as functioning simultaneously as spectators *of* the drama and *in* the drama. They are the reflectors or anticipators of mood. As the tragic heroes and heroines confide in them, so they in turn confide in the audience.

They are the moderators of disputes and participants in the action whose frequent habit it is to withdraw from it and serve as impersonal bystanders. At different times they speak for the protagonists, the dramatist, and the audience. They are friends who suddenly cease to be friends and become keepers of the play's conscience. In their strophic interludes they perform a service not unlike the emotional backing given to movies or radio and television shows by musical scores. Their lyrics are fortified by group movements which require rigorous training if the Chorus is to speak to the eye as well as to the ear.

IN the American revivals of Greek classics that I have seen the Choruses have performed these functions indifferently. They have distracted more than they have contributed. They have been so busy clasping their brows, racing around in circles, and in general disporting themselves in ways their directors have thought Hellenic that their words have been lost.

The Choruses in the Greek productions of the "Oedipus" and even more particularly of the "Electra" were as easy to hear as they were interesting to watch. The pattern of their actions was simple and eloquent. They were beautifully and precisely trained not only in their moving and gesturing but in the intensity with which they listened and the clarity with which they spoke. Not since an English company played "Murder in the Cathedral" here some years back has such justice been done to words spoken in unison as was done by these Greeks.

The exciting feature of their performance was that they created even in those of us who have no knowledge of their language a strong sense of understanding it. Naturally we could not pretend to follow the single words. Yet we felt and responded to the verbal music to which we were listening. When we heard Greek intoned in such a way, ours was the illusion of comprehension. For this reason we sensed as we had never sensed before one of the glories of Greek tragedy. Our gratitude to the actors who allowed us to do this was as great as our regretful awareness of the pleasures of which we have been robbed because of the gaps in our education.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

FOR many years, John Van Druten has managed very well by writing a lot about a little. In "I've Got Sixpence," however, he appears to have reversed his customary procedure, and has sketched for us two typical young people of today struggling not just to avoid shocking mother, but to solve problems of love and religion that if stated in all their complexity would tax a corps of philosophers. But Mr. Van Druten's ambitious intent is overruled by his shrewd knowledge of the limitations of his writing instrument, and the result is a fatal oversimplification of ideas and emotional responses.

Inez Cabral, the idealist, who on becoming pregnant has to ask God to take over for her, is played with such forthright strength by the handsome, lanky, and intelligent Viveca Lindfors that we can scarcely believe she is stopped by what in our society has become a fairly ordinary situation. The character responsible for the situation is Peter Tyndall, an ex-Communist who recanted and "told 'them' everything except the names," and whose only religion consists of not allowing himself to be pushed around. Acted gruffly and without much variety by Edmond O'Brien, the part never attracts the audience sympathy it so badly needs. Vicki Cummings and Bert Thorn add some lightness in a satire of the pedestrian view of the Roman Catholic Church, as does Paul Lipson in a takeoff on the mysterious cults of the Middle East. Pa-

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tricia Collinge amuses herself by making a little cameo out of the role of Peter's good-hearted aunt.

Mr. Van Druten directed his own play, which was probably a mistake, since the script could have done with an objective hard-boiled editing job. Boris Aronson's scenery lacked a unity of style, and what is worse left very little room for the actors. While it is not a complete mess, and one line, "Sex is grasping at the top of life without trusting it," particularly deserves to be remembered, "I've Got Sixpence," which the author professed to care more about than any of his past successes, has found him momentarily out of pocket.

"SEE the Jaguar" is a play which has something to say and says it proudly and intelligently. However, its gifted author, Richard Nash, has stubbed his toe on that same old rock of symbolism and allegory that thwarted Steinbeck, Barry, Irwin Shaw, and many other fine writers. The frustrating rule of serious dramaturgy that rightly or not seems to prevail in our modern theatre is that such abstractions must be offered as a bonus and not as the play itself.

Last season's Pulitzer Prize play, "The Shrike," is a case in point. Joseph Kramm's work always remained completely credible as a play about a man trapped in a psychiatric ward. Of course, without its overlay which allowed the audience to interpret the ward as the world-in-little the play would only have been considered a moderately good melodrama about a group of real people whose combined actions determined the course of events. Now, Mr. Nash has been unwise enough to reverse the process. "See the Jaguar" constructs the overlay and forces the characters and plot to fit it. Take away the overlay and all that is left is a fairly unbelievable Western about a man who tries to bring a little human decency into a tooth-and-claw community.

The cast does a great deal towards giving Mr. Nash's pawns lifeblood. Arthur Kennedy, as the patient but angry humanitarian; Constance Ford, as his magnificently animal sweetheart, whom he woos too late, to his way of thinking; Philip Pine, as the cruel young hunter whose only spurts of decency come as the result of his love for the same girl; Cameron Prud'homme, as her brutal old guard father, and Roy Fant, as the elderly useless tattoo artist, who, when finally put to the test, comes through better than the hero; all these are believable except when the author puts a decision in their mouths.

If the actors have added the blood, director Michael Gordon has added the thunder with a relentless approach that emphasizes the play's misanthropy. Alec Wilder's much-needed enchanted choral music is used too sparingly as a bridge between the scenes, but in the last act suddenly blasts out to signify the end of the play in a Hollywood manner that must have made the sensitive composer long for the peace of his Rochester retreat. Lemuel Ayers's first-act set was undistinguished, but his mountaintop scenes captured a magic rare in realistic stage exteriors.

Despite its relative failure as a play, "See the Jaguar" was better produced and better written than many a less ambitious hit whose only virtue consists in having the good judgment not to attempt more than its author and producer feel sure they can achieve.

IN "Time Out for Ginger" playwright Ronald Alexander has gone to some pains to lift the curse of so-whatness off a fairly superficial comedy of parent-daughter relationships. His most original invention is a fourteen-year-old lass who plays on the high-school football team, but he quickly destroys the delightful absurdity of this situation by making it painfully real and suburban.

The acting tends to alternate between what are strictly Shepherd Traube's directorial gambits and actors just playing their sweet selves. Whenever there is a lull, the parents —Melvyn Douglas and Polly Rowles —fuse their skilful talents in a brief passionate love scene, which always seems to draw a chuckle. Two daughters, Mary Hartig and Lois Smith, are charming and pretty. The third, a tomboy, played by Nancy Malone, is a bit wooden when she is fishing for laughs, but manages to be appropriately touching in the more sentimental final scene of the play. Philip Loeb is funny as Philip Loeb, though not as the bank president he is nominally supposed to be playing, and Laura Pierpont survives the entire evening with variations on just one joke—the maid who constantly demonstrates her complete independence of her employers. Conrad Janis contributes the most memorable bit in the play when he kicks off with a hot trombone riff in the middle of a conversation lag. It might behoove the next producer who hires this young actor not only to give him more to do, but see to it that he brings along his slip-horn.

Eldon Elder's living-room set stays remarkably bright through the whole accurately drawn domestic mess. And so did many in the audience. All of which puts them one up on me.

—HENRY HEWES.

Viveca Lindfors—"forthright strength."

Drama Book Notes

SUNSET OVER KABUKI: Japanese theatre became fashionable last spring when Joshua Logan and Paul Green broke into print with pleas that the classical Kabuki theatre be brought to America. Faubion Bowers, whom both Mr. Green and Mr. Logan indorse as the authority on the subject, has written a book called **"Japanese Theatre"** (Hermitage House, $5), in which he gives the developmental history of not only Kabuki, but of Noh drama, Bunraku puppet theatre, Bugaku dances, and Shinsei shimpa. He also evaluates the modern theatrical scene in postwar Japan. This includes the immensely popular erotic girlie shows, such as "Gates of Flesh," which features a girl being stripped and whipped, the Kengeki sword theatre, which is analogous to our Western movies, and the left-wing drama which is described as Japan's most active modern theatre.

The book is handsomely, but by no means sufficiently, illustrated. A supplemental book of photographs and drawings of the different kinds of Japanese theatre would go a long way towards helping us to visualize what these strange theatrical conventions are like, although there is probably no substitute for seeing the real thing.

Impresario Sol Hurok has plans for bringing Kabuki here, but if Mr. Bowers's first-hand estimate of the situation is correct, he had better hurry, as the good Kabuki actors and traditions are dying out. Until then "Japanese Theatre" will probably remain a much-needed but slightly academic work of primary interest to those who have visited Japan. —H. H.

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SR Goes to the Movies

HOLLYWOOD'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF

THE sudden rash of literature on the screen that, earlier this year, brought us such wildly assorted authors as Dreiser, Sir Walter Scott, Hemingway, Victor Hugo, and O. Henry, continues right along with West Coast versions of works by Shaw, Joseph Conrad, and Stephen Crane. Movie adaptations of anything approaching a classic are always a ticklish business. Everybody has his own idea of how they ought to be done, how they should have been handled. Too few realize the special limitations that the screen itself imposes—not merely in the form of producers who feel that a classic must be popularized for a mass audience, but in the actual visualization of incident, the re-ordering of events to create a smooth story flow, the elimination or telescoping of characters for clarity and concentrated effect. The film is not essentially a literary medium, and a successful adaptation of a literary work must frequently take considerable liberties with the original to make the same point. The surest clue to the skill of an adaptation is not how much of the original remains, but how much of the flavor, the quality, and the point of view of the original have been recaptured. Does the film, in its own way, measure up to the stature of its source?

There are some works, of course, that are particularly well suited to film adaptation, like Shaw's "fable play" "Androcles and the Lion" (RKO). It has action, color, a fairly simple story line. It has a boy and girl who love each other, a comedian with a nagging wife, a waltzing lion. But it also has something to say about life, about religion, about people, even in its most jocular moments. This is Shaw's great challenge to the screenwriter, and it is right here that Chester Erskine and Ken Englund, "Androcles's" adaptors, have most notably failed. Their script suggests a cross between Shaw and Thorne Smith, often funny but vulgar and shallow. Or perhaps those comic-book versions of the classics, with all the action in and all the meaning out. Their accent is on comedy—and Shaw's own wit seems even purer by contrast to some of the acutely painful new material they have added. Oddly enough, "Androcles" was produced by the same Gabriel Pascal who made the previous sparkling movie versions of some of the Shaw plays. Perhaps the significant difference is that in the past Pascal had always been responsible to Shaw himself, whereas in this one his boss was Howard Hughes. The sultry glimpses of the vestal virgins are unmistakably Hughesian.

The basic fault with this "Androcles," however, is less its script than its lack of style—or rather, its superabundance of styles, the fault of a weak director (Mr. Erskine again, I'm afraid). The title role has been intrusted to Alan Young, a television comedian who is required to portray simple-minded earnestness by repeatedly putting his fingers in his mouth. Elsa Lanchester makes a strident burlesque of Megaera, his wife. Victor Mature plays the handsome Roman captain as if he were captain of a college eleven, and on the losing side at that. Only Robert Newton as the giant Ferrovius, Maurice Evans as Caesar, and Jean Simmons as the steadfast Lavinia seem aware of the subtleties, the insights, the satire that Shaw had worked into his play.

JOSEPH CONRAD and Stephen Crane, paired in a "duo-drama" called "Face to Face" (RKO), fare better in their transition to the screen. Both men, of course, were very much concerned with what happens to the human spirit under a wide variety of strains and stresses, and this adult and intelligent production fully reflects that basic interest. It opens with Conrad's "The Secret Sharer," a sea story weighted with the kind of moral problem most dear to that author's heart. On his first night aboard ship, a young captain pulls from the water the first mate of a nearby vessel. The man had killed a cowardly sailor who was endangering the lives of his entire crew; then, treated like a common murderer, leaped overboard to let the sea decide his fate. At once the captain recognizes a kindred spirit, a man who by training and instinct is very much like himself. Should he surrender this sailor to the proper authorities, to be tried and hung by a jury of merchants and clerks on the shore? Or is there a code of the sea, a kind of law that only seamen can understand? James Mason is wholly persuasive as the conscience-torn captain, the entire production confined tightly and rightly to its central problem.

By way of contrast, "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," the companion piece, is a lusty Western story in

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Crane's best style. A comedy, it tells in mock-heroics of a rough sheriff who has brought law and order to his primitive frontier town. The local folk now live in unaccustomed respectability, grudgingly retaining their unregenerate sheriff because Scratchy, an equally unregenerate two-gun man, drinks himself into reliving the bad old days every once in a while and the sheriff is the only man who can subdue him. Scratchy's last sortie comes on the day the sheriff introduces his pretty bride to Yellow Sky. James Agee's slyly humorous script expertly expands Crane's short story for the screen, retaining all his vast affection for Western types on a passing frontier, while Robert Preston and Minor Watson bring the sheriff and old Scratchy to life with comedy talents hitherto unexplored.

"CURTAIN Up" (Noel Meadow) is the kind of sprightly *divertissement* we have come to expect from the English studios, light and insubstantial as a meringue and every bit as toothsome. It has to do with the struggles of a provincial repertory company to produce something called "Tarnished Gold." The tweedy authoress, aunt of the troupe's financial backer, has come down to be of assistance, to the acute distress of the director and the rest of his singularly untalented company. Robert Morley has a wonderful time as the small-time impresario, savoring each of his venomous lines; while Margaret Rutherford, the delightful medium of "Blithe Spirit," cloaks her lady playwright in an impenetrable calm that moves mountains. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Face to Face: Reviewed in this issue.

Two Cents' Worth of Hope: Life in an Italian village, imaginatively re-created by director Renato Castellani.

Forbidden Games: A memorable exploration into the child's world, filmed in France. (*SR* Dec. 6.)

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Life Begins Tomorrow: Sartre, Gide, Corbusier, and Rostand beg for peace while showing off their latest projects in this French "documentary." (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

TV and Radio

THE THREE S's

A SUNDAY or two ago I was reading the critical column of my favorite television pontiff. It was a sermon on amount of film used by TV shows. It was devilishly provocative. He propounded the thesis that television performers should not film their programs. They should appear "live." Unless they are dead. It sure set me to thinking.

You know how you get careless and don't give something a thought? Well, I had carelessly not given film-or-live television a thought. I had been foolishly sitting there enjoying the good entertainment and tuning out the bad. But this sure set me to thinking.

I got to thinking that the top comedy show on TV is "I Love Lucy." This program is on film. The top quiz show is Groucho Marx's "You Bet Your Life," also on film, and the top mystery show is "Dragnet," another filmed item.

Having dragged my Sunday lethargic brain through all that thinking I went further and remembered that "I Married Joan" is on film and would be embarrassingly worse (to nervous me at least) if I knew that the skilful Miss Davis were doing it there in person, rather than having made it some weeks ago, and while I was actually suffering through it she, thanks to the three hours West Coast time difference, was out on a golf course or in her pool trying to forget the whole thing.

The same goes for the personable and talented Robert Cummings and his unfortunate "My Hero," also on film, and the able, likable Red Skelton and his incredible half hour of film. And others too little humorous to mention.

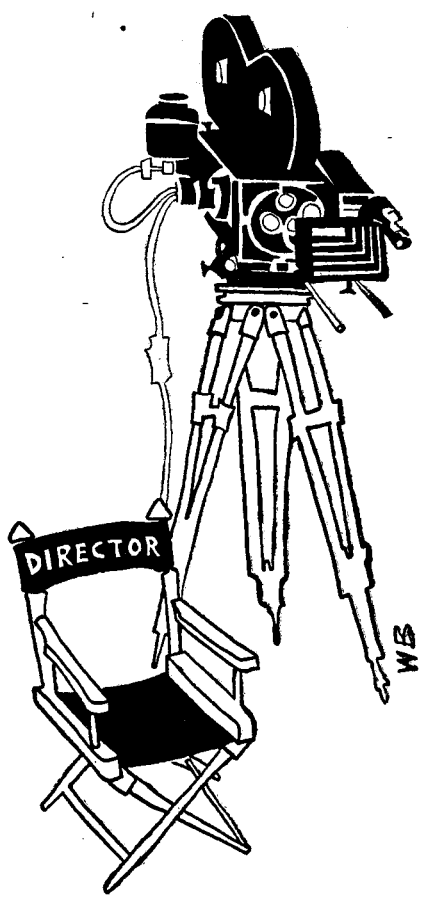
I've been going along on the theory that a filmed television show is good if the film is good and the show is good. If the quality of the film is bad it shouldn't be on television, any more than a bad piece of film belongs in a picture theatre. A not too recent Paramount picture, "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," was not only on splendid film but in technicolor and I'm just getting over the shakes on that one. "The Man in the White Suit" was a brilliant comedy success and I don't remember a critic's praising the texture of the film on which it was printed, any more than I recall a critic's advancing the proposition that "A. S. from P. C." could have been a success if the Kodak people had a hand in the filming of it. Cinerama couldn't even have helped that one.

Television, live or canned, agree or not, IS film business. And like film business a successful show is made up of a successful integration of Sight, Sound, and Script. Granted that the thoroughly delightful filmed Ozzie and Harriet program could be enhanced in the Sight department, on the other hand I can see "The Stork Club" all too plainly.

Television has other problems—the biggest being the backbreaking daily schedule of supplying entertainment—but one problem it hasn't is whether a show is on film or presented live. A show can be presented on film, or live, or with actors sticking their heads out of the sets into the living rooms—if it doesn't have the combination of the three S's it's dead.

Having made my little speech and set it down on fine bonded paper to be transcribed in this tidy booklet, I doubt if the world will note or longer remember what I say here than a speech written, say, on the back of an envelope on a train.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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Music to My Ears

HINDEMITH AT THE NEW FRIENDS—"NEW" CONCERTI—"DON CARLO"

OF Paul Hindemith, who had a program to himself in the New Friends of Music series recently in Town Hall, it may be said not merely that he is a composer who rarely lets you down, he is also a composer who never lets you up. After three or four of his "Kammermusik" or "Konzertmusik" or other such intimate works have passed in review, one has a feeling not so much of having heard that many separate works, but rather of having experienced thousands of notes coming and going, like Rockettes on the Music Hall stage, or their counterparts in a TV commercial.

On this occasion, I found most individuality in the "Konzertmusik" (Opus 49), in which the piano is blended with tuba, four horns, three trumpets, two trombones, and two harps. Of course, it isn't the "Forellen" Quintet, but the mere bizarre sound—which Hindemith works up impressively—has its fascination. The pianist was Leonid Hambro, whose effort (in the sudden illness of Hortense Monath) was endorsed as "miraculous" by the composer-conductor. There was also some wonderful execution in a septet (written in 1948 but not previously played in New York) for woodwinds, horn, and trumpet. Often enough such things are no end of fun for the players and the conductor, especially if he is also the composer. But this audience plainly knew what it had come for, and clearly "participated."

* * *

The two "new" concerti heard from the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra and the Boston Symphony on successive nights in Carnegie Hall last week were un-new in a way not customary with local premieres. Generally the dates are recent, if the content of the music is not. In these instances, we heard Ernest Bloch's "Concerto Symphonique" of 1947, which had previously been played at an NBC broadcast directed by Ernest Ansermet, and Albert Roussel's Concerto in C (Opus 36), which Leopold Stokowski had played in Philadelphia when it was but a year old, in 1928.

Each was a disappointment in a different way. From Bloch, a composer of substance, one had anticipated a work essentially expressive. His product made its bid primarily for a popular appeal, blending traits of Bloch's own worthy "Concerto Grosso" with others derived from Rachmaninoff. Only the Variety approach can measure a work's value in terms of its box office potential. On what might be called the art level, it did not ring one bell, let alone two or three. Corinne Lacomblé, who had played the work in Edinburgh at its premiere, was the efficient soloist, and Pierre Monteux, who had conducted it for her in San Francisco, once more provided a handsome frame. The picture, however, was blurred.

Roussel's work emerged from a rather shadowy beginning to an expression of some compulsion in its adagio; but the idiom lacks the pungence one associates with his more durable pieces. Moreover, the letdown in the finale is a fatal weakness in a score which gathers its strength slowly and then allows it to fall away again. Lélia Gousseau, who won a first prize in a competition in 1939 by performing this score, was an authoritative if unconvincing voice for it. She also played Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" in a dashing, overdemonstrative manner, and with a tone more glassy than vibrant. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducted.

* * *

It's too soon to say whether all the better productions of Rudolf Bing's first two seasons will follow a similar pattern, but the plain fact is that "Don Carlo," perhaps the best of all, showed a decline in quality at its first showing this season in the Metropolitan in about the same proportion as the "Carmen" of the week before. In the Verdi there were tangible as well as intangible factors, for it is now being conducted by Alberto Frede, whose various talents do not include the grasp and personality Fritz Stiedry gave to this music.

With or without such spirited musical direction, the staging lacked the firmness of plan, the identity of style it possessed when the performers were fresh from the tutoring hand of Margaret Webster. The same lapses in the "Carmen" seemed a factor of the intricate, semi-choreographic action devised by Tyrone Guthrie; but the later evidence suggests that if the standards of such productions are to be maintained, provision should be made for the creator to put the cast through a refresher course prior to each season's beginning. This may seem an impracticable procedure for a repertory opera company, but ballet companies do it as a matter of course, so why not the Metropolitan?

In other respects, this "Don Carlo" was stimulating for the ever-growing interest of the score (a strange contrast with the better-known "Forza" currently on view), the new impact and maturity of Jerome Hines's singing as Philip II, and the vocal virtuosity of Paul Schoeffler as the Grand Inquisitor. The latter does not have the kind of physique which automatically lends impressiveness to Hans Hotter and to Hines in this part, but he mustered a vocal force which made him dominant in the duet with Philip II, despite his physical inferiority. Otherwise it was but a fair night for the cast. Richard Tucker as Carlo, Robert Merrill as Posa, and Fedora Barbieri as Eboli each had moments of effective art, but none sustained a characterization or carried a conception through from beginning to end. Delia Rigal's good-looking Elisabetta pleased the eye but not the ear.

Record Week

AS MOST of us become rather painfully aware about this time of year, Christmas and music are all but indivisible—in fact, if you have heard shopping services being hawked to "O Little Star of Bethlehem" or trade being solicited with "Come All Ye Faithful," you might come to the conclusion that they are inseparable. However, there is another kind of music for Christmas which can best be absorbed in the quiet of the home, from the other side of the radio's double-sided mouth (if you are lucky) or even better from records (if you are prudent).

The list is long, and getting longer each year, as this year's notable additions demonstrate: the superb "Nativity" of Heinrich Schütz (vintage 1664), the magnificent "Christmas Concerto" of Corelli (new in 1712), and the just-beginning-to-age "Amahl and the Night Visitors" of Gian-Carlo Menotti (not yet a year old).

It may seem a more than incidental limitation of this version of Schütz's

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inspired treatment of the "Nativity" that it is sung in Italian. But to one who comes to it without preconception, the music does not war with the words, nor does the text seem at variance with the musical style. Schütz, after all, spent much time in Italy and absorbed into his own style many of the influences he encountered there.

To judge from an occasional background noise, an isolated cough or two, this version being purveyed by Colosseum (CLPS 1034 $5.95) was made at an actual performance. As such, it is a remarkably successful specimen of reproduction.

Corelli's grave and delightful concerto (Opus 6, No. 8—"fatto per la notte di Natale") has been available from time to time in phonographic editions, including two earlier ones on LP—but I do not know one as satisfactory as that included in a collection of Christmas music by the remarkable string group called "Virtuosi di Roma." What there is about the Corelli which suits the season is more mood and expressiveness than specific illusion, but it certainly suits. It is played with model care, though the reproduction is thin and wiry for ears attuned to the best string sound possible on present-day discs (Decca D1 9649, $5.85). Those who invest in the Corelli will find an unexpected dividend in a beautiful "Concerto a quatre, in forma di pastorale per il santissimi natale" by his direct contemporary Giuseppe Torelli.

Several deep breaths and a period of silence should doubtless be invoked to space mention of Menotti from Schütz and Corelli, for we are not accustomed to thinking of contemporaries in such exalted terms. The remarkable thing, however, is how well "Amahl" blends into the sequence just elucidated—with its own variations of accent and expression, to be sure, but with a flow of idea (in its own idiom) wholly worthy.

Of the various media in which it has been experienced—TV and the opera house—the disc (RCA Victor LM 1701, $5.72) seems to me the predestined one for the best appreciation of "Amahl." Voices can be balanced to better advantage with the orchestra than on TV, and the strain imposed on the boy soprano's voice in the theatre is alleviated. Here the singer is young Chet Allen, who created the part. The recording finds him just about at the end of his career as a soprano, and slightly on the thin side. However, the other performers—Rosemary Kuhlmann (Mother), Andrew McKinley, David Aiken, and Leon Lishner (the Kings)—could scarcely be better, and Thomas Schippers conducts with his familiar efficiency. —IRVING KOLODIN.

THE BIBLE

(*Continued from page* 10)

thoroughly satisfactory aid to the interpretation of Holy Writ available in modern times. The editors and contributors are of recognized high standing in the Protestant world. Published by Abingdon-Cokesbury Press at $8.75 a volume, Volume One contains introductory articles on the Bible in general and the Old Testament in particular, together with an exegesis and exposition of Genesis and Exodus; Volume Seven offers interpretation of Matthew and Mark, while Volume Eight treats Luke and John. As there is a nice balance of the scholarly and popular, the books should be useful to the laity as well as to clergymen and theologians. Of especial value is the fact that the text of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible and that of the King James Version are printed side by side in parallel columns. Undoubtedly these will be the standard reference books on the Bible and Bible-criticism for years to come.

MAKING THE BIBLE: Herbert Gordon May is one of the twenty-two-member committee which labored for the past fifteen years at the task of producing the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. In **"Our English Bible in the Making"** (Westminster Press, $2.75), he gives an interesting inside story of how the committee carried on its work, the problems they confronted, and the principles which guided them. By way of background for an understanding of this new translation, Dr. May reviews the history of the English Bible: the translations of Wycliffe and Coverdale, the King James Version, the Revised Version, the American Revised Version, as well as other unofficial translations and versions which have appeared from time to time. He points out the chief differences between the Revised Standard Version and the previous ones, making it clear that this new translation was occasioned not only by the need of a version employing the words and idioms current in modern English, but also by the new light that has been thrown on the meaning of many Biblical passages by the archeological discoveries of the past half century.

JESUS'S LIFE IN PROSE AND POETRY: The place of the Christ in the life and thought of Catholic believers is beautifully and fully set forth in **"The Book of the Saviour"** (Sheed & Ward, $4), a symposium edited by F. J. Sheed, of the writings of more than forty men and women in the religious and literary world. Among the contributors are Hilaire Belloc, Caryll Houselander, Sigrid Undset, Maisie Ward, C. C. Martindale, Ronald Knox, and Alfred Noyes. In prose and poetry, in narrative and theological discussion, the various aspects of the life of Christ are vividly protrayed. Reproductions of the pictures of the Old Masters enhance the beauty of the book. Catholics should treasure this as a companion to "The Mary Book," previously published.

FOR NEWCOMERS TO THE NEW TESTAMENT: Young people and those new to the Christian faith will find Floyd V. Filson's **"Opening the New Testament"** (Westminster Press, $2.50), a good elementary introduction to the New Testament. After introductory chapters on "The Story They Told" and "How They Told It," the author takes up in chronological order each New Testament book, bringing out the historical and religious background out of which it sprang, commenting on the

December Night - New York City

Mary Ballard Duryee

UNDER the snow the traffic of events
Is muted to a world on rubber heels,
Hostilities tick down—and from the groove
Of thumb-tacked blueprints and embroidered rules
The dream is freed. Now figures move and pass
In the dissolving patterns of the dance.
Keep the appointments of this time and place,
The moment gives a little edge to love.

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personality and interests of the author, and presenting its central messages. The "Reading Hints" which follow each chapter call attention to the points for which the reader should be on the lookout.

COMMENT ON THE GOSPELS: Ronald Knox is at once one of Catholicism's leading scholars and one of its ablest publicists. Following his recent new translation of the Bible and no doubt as a by-product of that intensive study, Msgr. Knox has produced a scholarly analysis of the four Gospels in **"Commentary on the Gospels"** (Sheed & Ward, $3.75). He accepts the method of Biblical criticism, but by no means is disposed to accept the conclusions of other scholars uncritically. For instance, he is at variance with most modern scholars in his position about the authorship of the Fourth Gospel and its relation to the Synoptic Gospels. An ability to express his ideas clearly and succinctly makes this a book which the laity are more apt to read and appreciate than most commentaries.

BEST OF THE BIBLE: Despite the publication of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible, Mary Ellen Chase still uses only the King James Version in her teaching and writing. For she maintains that "no other version, early or late, contains the dignity and beauty of our incomparable translation of 1611." As in the seventeenth century this remains our "noblest monument of English Prose."

With very brief introductions to each section, Miss Chase offers in **"Readings from the Bible"** (Macmillan, $3.75) what she considers to be the best of the literature of the Bible. Many readers will miss some of their favorite passages, but the editor has based her selection on the principle that "it is far better to know the best of the Bible than to have a smattering of all of it."

The arrangement of the material, the omission of the division by chapters and verses, is designed to make for easy reading. One might hope that more could hear Charles Laughton or Miss Chase herself read aloud from these selections or, better still, that in more of our homes the practice of reading aloud might be revived. This book is an admirable one with which to start.

While few will be found desiring to burn the Revised Standard Version as one Baptist minister is reported to have

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THEIR BEADS THEY TOLD

Violette Jordan, of Chicago, submits certain data concerning ten women in literature who lived within convent walls. Allowing five points for each character named, and another five for identifying either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 36.

1. This crazed Anglican nun met her death by falling where the bamboos had been cut, a spike having pierced her chest.
2. Stirred by the strange appeal of an ardent young monk, this beautiful courtesan of Alexandria followed him through the desert and entered a nunnery.
3. When she entered an Ursuline convent, she broke the heart of the biggest landowner in the South.
4. When both her lovers were killed in a duel for which her father was responsible, this grief-stricken Jewess retired into the nunnery which formerly had been her parents' home.
5. During the Second World War this British nun left an enclosed convent and came back to a world which she had not seen for nearly thirty years.
6. In love with the Superior of the monastery, this lovely and wealthy girl renounced the world, concealed her sex, and chose the austere life of the monastery just to be near him.
7. For years this exile searched for her betrothed, but it was not until she had become a Sister of Mercy that she finally found him, an epidemic victim.
8. After secretly marrying her tutor, lover, and seducer, the mightiest scholar of twelfth-century Europe, she retired to a convent and became an abbess.
9. Influenced by a Catholic priest, this musical genius was driven by conscience to renounce her unconventional love affairs and entered a sisterhood at Wimbledon.
10. Like her Holy Founder, Saint Walburga of Graz, she flew to Rome to shake up the sloth of the Universal Church.

What will they do with the year 2000?

The current issue of HOLIDAY features the first installment of a fascinating and highly important story—*the story of what the Youth of the World thinks, wants and plans, and of its hopes for a very special version of "The Good Life."*

It's a first-hand report, written and photographed, of actual young men and women of England, Norway, France, Germany, Italy, Yugoslavia, Israel, Syria, Liberia, South Africa, Japan, Brazil and the United States.

If you want an indication of where the world is going, here is an excellent way to find out. For while elder statesmen, elder industrialists, and elder editors can indulge in their profundities, *these are the young people who will shape the second half of this century we live in.*

This project of HOLIDAY's has been three years in the making and is, perhaps, unique in the history of reporting. The first installment is in the January issue of HOLIDAY, now on sale.

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done, there are many who, like Miss Chase, will never admit that it can take the place of the King James Version.

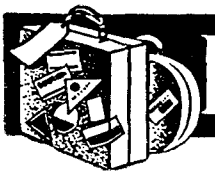
THE BIBLE FOR EVERYMAN: The response to the first edition of Mary Ellen Chase's **"The Bible and the Common Reader,"** published in 1944, has been such as amply to justify its revision and republication. The additions made in a new edition just published by Macmillan at $4 are a result of questions raised by Miss Chase's students at Smith College. As its title suggests, the book is not intended for the theologian or the scholar but for the common reader. It will serve as an admirable introduction to the book of books, and readers of it will go to the King James Version itself with new interest and appreciation of its literary qualities and its religious message.

It is a book which should be read with a Bible close at hand, for its various chapters are introductions to and interpretations of selected groups of writings from the books of the Old and New Testaments. This and "Readings from the Bible" (reviewed above) are companion books and should be read and treasured together.

LEGENDS ABOUT JESUS: By dint of thoroughgoing scholarly research, Joseph Gaer has gathered together in **"The Lore of the New Testament"** (Little, Brown, $5) a wide variety of the legends which have grown up around the New Testament story and its leading personalities. Most of these stories have grown out of the stimulus given to the folk imagination by the personality of Jesus and out of the desire of His followers to fill in the gaps left in the Gospel narrative and to embroider that rich fabric of the story of the life and ministry of the Man of Nazareth.

Many of the legendary stories have to do with the birth and early years of Mary, the mother of Jesus. However, most of them are concerned with "the hidden years" in the life of Jesus, the time between his infancy and his childhood visit to the temple at Jerusalem and the ensuing period up to the beginning of his public ministry. Drawing upon their imagination, the faithful have produced some beautiful and inspiring stories of that period in the life of Christ, but most of them make of Jesus a mere wonder worker, with miracles the sole test of His divinity.

The book is carefully documented for scholarly use. It also throws light, directly or indirectly, upon the way the personality of the Christ affected His followers throughout the generations. —KENNETH D. MILLER.



BOOKED for TRAVEL

ON A FAST BOAT TO THE ORIENT

ABOARD THE PRESIDENT WILSON.

IF THERE is anyone in the house who would like to get me on a fast boat to the Orient, now is the time. Assuming that the skipper got good marks in arithmetic, we are cutting up the North Pacific, two days out of Yokohama. That night two weeks ago when we left San Francisco is away back in the murky distance. I remember the Ferry Building, which is no great shakes by day, shining at night like a tower of jewels, swathed in garlands of white and blue bulbs.

Standing under the port wing of the bridge and watching the phosphorescent excitement of San Francisco glow against the autumn sky, you could hear the low, sure voice of the skipper, Captain Joseph Cox. "Slow astern port," it said quietly. There was the sound of a bell as the order went along the ship's telegraph. "Slow astern starboard." Then, "Half astern both engines." "Full astern starboard." Finally we had backed away from the pier, and were heading forward. We slipped past Coit Tower, slid under the Golden Gate Bridge (strung with amber shining stones), and headed into the Pacific.

This is a cruise ship and a passenger transport. It means business and pleasure. There are those on board who have come to enjoy the sun of the southern route, and we have had day after day of it, the pool full of swimmers through this whole final week of November. But there is also the Lutheran missionary going to Kowloon who reads each day from his Bible printed in Chinese. There is the Episcopal missionary going back to Japan with his wife and four children. And there is also his bishop, who is Japanese. There is the young Congregationalist with wife, two children, and another on the way, going to Hongkong after eighteen months under the Communists on the mainland. He had mastered Mandarin, but now he has to learn Cantonese, and between games of deck tennis he has whittled away at a Cantonese primer published by the Harvard University Press for just such emergencies.

Returning from a high time in Europe is the well-fed German and his wife who run a restaurant in Manila, and who are carefully avoided by the members of the American Manila colony sailing home after a summer in the States. The cooperative spirit of the Axis partners is remembered with untempered bitterness. Looking down towards the fantail you can always get a view of the Sikhs sitting on the benches there, their faces crowned with turbans and underscored with a beard.

Then there are the neat, pretty Army wives off to join their husbands on alien shores, especially the happy little blonde from Tampa who has crossed a continent and a great sea to spend a two-week furlough with her husband, a surgeon in Korea. "If he doesn't make it, I'll just see Japan, that's all." And the Orientals smile faintly and say, "Ah, so," just like in the movies, and the matrons from Chicago, going around the world on a tour, buzz and purr and strut off around the promenade deck where twelve laps make a mile.

WE HAVE had our days here on the *President Wilson*. Like the one when the three-year-old Army brat pulled the white spade beard of the Rev. C. J. Beurms of Belgium, thirty-two years in the Philippines, and said, "I know who you are, you're Santa Claus!" There was the night of the gala gymkhana when three passengers were called out on the floor, given a saltine and a piece of cheese, told to start eating at the first signal, and the first man to whistle is the winner. The contestants proved to be the Canadian consul-general to the Philippines, a six-foot-five-inch Scotsman selling housewares in the Far East, and a five-foot Chinese who is assistant chief of police in Singapore. The chief brought down the house when he said, "Chinese no like cheese." But he nibbled the cracker all right, and when he was through he barked like a dog, because apparently Chinese don't whistle either.

There was that wonderful day in Hawaii, five days out of San Francisco (we shall cover Hawaii in later dispatches on the return leg), when the

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President Wilson edged up to the dock to the music of the Royal Hawaiian band and Hawaiians came on board and kissed us and put leis around our necks. We walked off the gangplank up to our ears in orchids and heady with the carnations which had been scented with a strange oriental fragrance.

Then we swam at Waikiki, rode the waves to shore in an outrigger canoe, had the magnificent buffet on the *lanai* of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel while the warm sun burned our backs. We saw the town, bought cocoanut hats, had lobster tails at Don the Beachcomber's, and when we went back to the ship there were hula girls on the dock, music of guitars and ukuleles. We threw streamers to friends on the quay and held them till the ship moved away and the paper snapped. Then we took off our leis, tossed them over the side, and watched them drop gently on the water. And so we were assured of coming back, which is tommyrot if you are crass and lovely if you are sentimental.

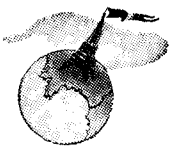
THE next morning the ship was blooming with the fruits of Hawaii. The chrysanthemums of the California autumn were gone. Now on every dining-room table there were bouquets of orchid sprays, stalks of red ginger, red and green croton leaves, and scarlet anthurium. The menus blossomed with fried mahi-mahi and fresh Hawaiian mackerel, Hawaiian pineapple fritters with white wine foam sauce.

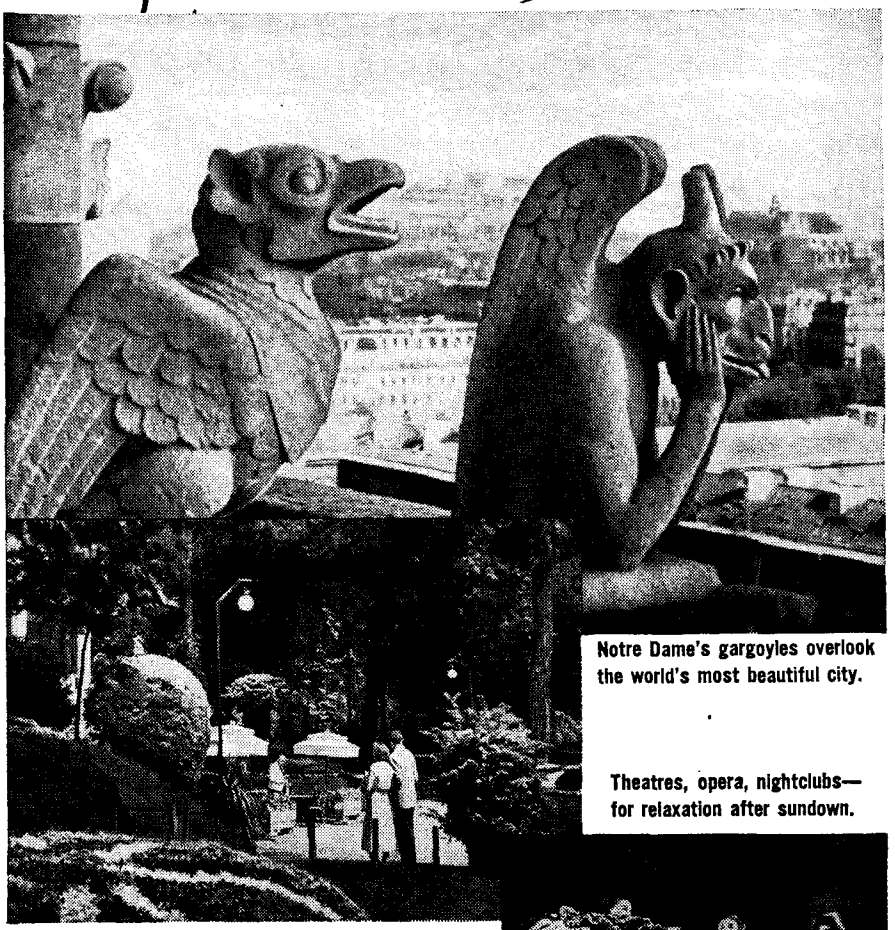
Cruising began in earnest. Invitations to join the ping pong, shuffleboard, deck golf, and deck tennis tournaments appeared on the bulletin board. People stayed up on deck for lunch, faces turned red and healthy from the Pacific sun. There were movies every few nights, and on the last Saturday before Yokohama there was a giant costume ball, followed by a show, followed by hangovers, followed by bloody marys and other sure-cures. Sunday arrived gentle and peaceful. In the afternoon, when we might otherwise have been walking the heir in the park, we found ourselves in the forward lounge of the *President Wilson* listening to the ship's orchestra do pleasant things with the score from "South Pacific" while the Pacific rose and fell easily, like a matron's bosom.

Invitations to private cocktail parties appeared under the door each morning as surely as the electric bill comes each month. Chi-chi people had them printed by the ship's typesetter. If a man wasn't careful he could eat six times a day, and there were notices passed around by American President Lines that room service at no charge was available twenty-four hours a

IF YOU'D GIVE HER THE WORLD—

Give her a trip to France!





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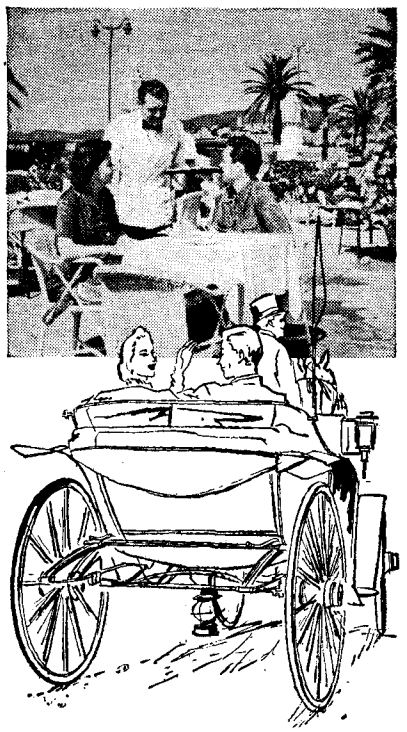
All France is a garden-lover's paradise.

Every meal in France is a memorable event!



There's not a woman in the world whose life won't be made lovelier, happier, *richer*—by experiencing the romance of France . . . the charming provinces . . . the art treasures of French museums! She will shop in the Place Vendôme . . . discover antiques on the Rue du Bac . . . delight in fine wines and foods from Calais to Cannes . . . and from the Alps to the Pyrenees she'll thrill at scenic marvels. Why not decide—now—to "give her the world"—a trip to France with you! Ask your travel agent for booklets in full color, detailed maps and information . . . or write Dept. T-5, Box 221, New York 10, N. Y.

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day. Fifty items appear on the average dinner menu. When we were still near the West Coast you would find native things like Oregon cheddar and Monterey Jack. Now, off Japan, there has been an outbreaking of umeboshi, which are pickled plums; takuwan, which are pickled turnips; fukuzin suke, or Japanese relish; and fried Japanese prawns with shoyu sauce, which could burn a hole through granite. You could have your choice of nearly sixty things for breakfast, and I have liked them all except "Poached Pickled Salmon Bellies in Cream or Drawn Butter," which, with singular inappropriateness, appeared on the card the morning after the big gala night.

Some nights the stewards have prepared Italian dinners for individual tables, which were covered with gingham cloths, the passengers with gingham bibs. The Japanese, meanwhile, were given charcoal braziers and they prepared their own sukiyaki right at the table. The North Atlantic was never like this.

After the sayonara dinner tomorrow, which is the farewell, Yokohama gets us, sunburned and overstuffed. The *President Wilson* goes on to Manila, Hongkong, and Kobe, which are the other stops on its regular six-week's Orient cruise, and then returns to Yokohama, where we board her again. We shall enjoy Japan the meanwhile, but we shall look forward with great affection to the return of the *Wilson,* which has been our corner saloon, athletic field, movie house, nightclub, and floating delicatessen. After two weeks with the chopsticks we may be hungry. But I do hope by that time the chef has run clean out of poached pickled salmon bellies in cream *or* in butter.

—HORACE SUTTON.

"Argosies of Magic Sails"

WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

THE Clipper coursed steadily through the autumn night under fair skies. Ahead, over the horizon of the chilly Atlantic, lay that ancient home of navigators and explorers, Portugal. Behind, invisible under the curve of the ocean, lay the United States.

This was no routine trip. In a symbolic sense the whole world was aboard. The passengers knew it: the Canadian editor, the South African diplomat, the Liberian banker, the Portuguese exporter, the American publisher, the Spanish grandee, the Italian manufacturer, the Gold Coast missionary, the Ecuadorian tourist, they and all the others. They knew that out in space, in this moment of time, with neighbors from four continents, they would share a small fragment of history, of man's progress.

Alfred Lord Tennyson foresaw this trip in 1842 when he wrote in "Locksley Hall" the memorable lines:

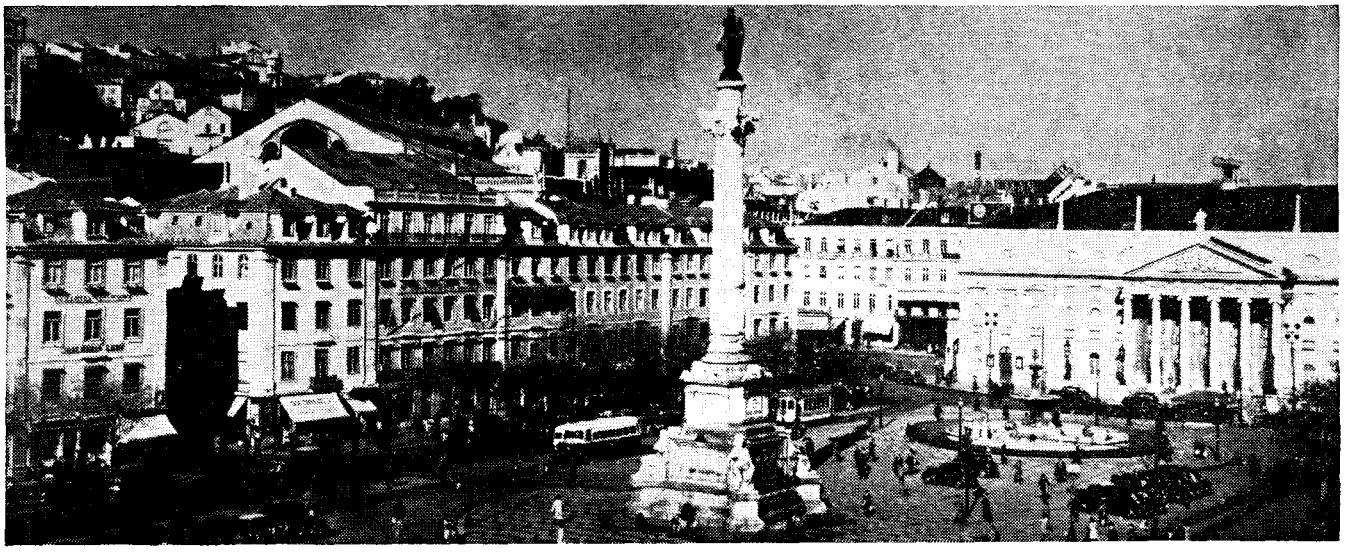
> For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
> Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
> Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
> Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

In 1952 this was one of the argosies that Tennyson had prophesied. It was Pan American World Airways Clipper, Flight 150, en route from New York to Santa Maria in the Azores; Lisbon, Portugal; Dakar, French West Africa; Monrovia, Liberia; Accra; the Gold Coast; Leopoldville, the Belgian Congo; and Johannesburg, Union of South Africa: every name laden with romantic associations and its own urgent history.

The giant Clipper was making Pan American's 40,000th crossing of the Atlantic. It was only thirteen years ago, in 1939, that Pan American inaugurated trans-Atlantic service. Then the flight from New York to Lisbon required twenty-six hours. Today the four-motored Clipper completes the 3,300 mile trip in half the time, and the air above the ocean has become a thoroughfare for the world's airlines.

When the plane circled over the Tagus River and landed at Lisbon Airport to be greeted by Portuguese and American officials, it marked the close of a cycle during which Pan American had flown enough passengers across the Atlantic to be the equivalent of flying the entire population of the world once around the world, or the population of the United States around the globe thirteen times.

Or as one Pan American executive expressed it with a wry gleam in his eye, "This is the same as flying the entire population of Soviet Russia on



The Rossio in Lisbon—"the refinement of the senses, the enlargement of the spirit, the enrichment of experience."

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a one-way trip to the moon. There is nothing inimical in this. We simply haven't yet carried enough people enough miles to get the Russians back. But perhaps that would be a good point at which to rest on our laurels." These astronomical figures, of course, do not include the staggering volume of traffic carried by Pan American on its many other worldwide routes.

THIS notable achievement is even more important as a symbol of what is happening in travel. Season by season, but particularly in the summer, the greatest human migration in history takes place on schedule. These migrants are the tourists, millions of them, who in a suspicious and restricted world still manage to cross the seven seas, scurry over all continents, and penetrate even those frontiers guarded by iron curtains.

By land, sea, and air the tourists move over the face of the earth, participants in a great human activity that is the growing concern of more and more governments around the world. The tourists are a formidable economic force. For many countries, large and small, they represent the largest single source of foreign trade and revenue. They are a major factor in international relations. The tourist is a diplomat-without-portfolio for his own country wherever he travels, and he returns home an important authority, a word-of-mouth pundit on conditions abroad and his own government's foreign policy, a shaper of public opinion. The tourist is increasingly a major cultural bond among peoples. Recent studies show that one of the most compelling reasons for travel is an active and enlightened interest in the culture and history of other countries. As St. Augustine remarked long ago, "The world is a book, and those who do not travel read only one page."

Because of the acute dollar shortage in the world and because of the basic political and economic leadership of the United States, the American tourist is probably the single most important factor in the international travel picture. But in general terms of trade balance and international understanding (cultural and political), all tourists are important to all countries, with the angry exceptions Soviet Russia has locked in behind her iron curtain.

The stature occupied by the tourist industry was formally recognized in 1947 when the government tourist offices of twenty leading countries with a large stake in travel, chiefly European, founded the International Union of Official Travel Organizations (IUOTO), a consultative arm of the United Nations.

The spectacular growth of government support for international tourism was evidenced at the just concluded annual conference of the IUOTO in Naples, Italy. Representatives from fifty-six governments from every continent were present. Prime Minister de Gasperi opened the conference. Pope Pius XII received the delegates. In discussing international travel, the Pope expressed this view: "Another even more notable advantage that tourism provides is the refinement of the senses, the enlargement of the spirit, and the enrichment of experience. . . . There also results in practice a happy understanding not only between individuals, but between nations, between classes, between parties."

This is an eloquent statement of one of the central beliefs of the IUOTO.

The Union is dedicated to fulfilment of the Fifth Freedom, the freedom of movement, the objective of which is to enable all friendly men to traverse the oceans, the air, and the land without hindrance, freely sharing the cultural treasures of the world.

IN DEFINING its functions and its purposes, the IUOTO has stated: "The objectives of the Union are both ideological and practical. It believes that international understanding can best be developed through tourism; at the same time, tourism acts as a vital factor in the international balance of payments.

"The Union aims at fulfilling the Fifth Freedom. To achieve this, the Union works, through international cooperation and joint action, to create conditions whereby tourists of all nationalities will be free (1) to travel where they wish, (2) to enjoy the attractions of other countries, and (3) to appreciate and understand other peoples.

"Members of the Union are convinced that a great interchange of friendly visitors plays a vital role in bringing peace—not only because of its contribution to mutual cultural and social appreciation, but because of its important effect on economic recovery and development.

"The success of either the ideological or the practical aims of the Union, however, both depend largely on freedom of movement. A great step forward was taken when freedom of movement was included in the Declaration of Human Rights approved by the United Nations, but much remains to be done.

"The Union believes that:

"Official barriers to bona fide visitors must be eliminated, unwarranted obstacles reduced, and regulations simplified and standardized. Facilities

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must be provided to streamline the reception and departure of guests. Air, water, and land transport must be developed to provide adequate services and to encourage low-cost volume travel. Above all, taxes, charges, and fees, some of which defeat their own ends, must be removed.

"The organization of knowledge about the travel market, travel plant, and the impact of travel on the economic, social, and cultural life of all countries must be fostered. The interchange of personnel and experience in methods of promoting travel is essential. Technical assistance in all these fields to underdeveloped areas must be provided.

"If the fifth freedom—the freedom of movement—is to be significant and is to make its contribution to a happier and better world community, all these tasks must be undertaken."

At Naples the IUOTO addressed itself to these aims, and reached many new agreements for insuring the fair and equitable treatment of the traveler.

One new instrument for measuring travel trends was set up at Naples. This was the International Travel Research Institute, to be manned by scholars and experts from the participating countries. The Institute will study a variety of problems for the guidance of IUOTO members, such as the increasing tourism between South America and Europe, the new travel patterns taking shape in the Middle East, Asia, and Africa, the effect of the business cycle on tourism, the effect of travel on the international balance of payments and on full employment, with particular reference to seasonal trends.

The work of the IUOTO is further extended and greatly reinforced by the concentrated efforts of its subsidiary or regional bodies, such as the European Travel Commission. The ETC, for example, has done much to eliminate the requirements in Europe of visas for U. S. tourists, to increase customs exemptions and reduce frontier delays for tourists, to liberalize currency regulations, to encourage airline tourist rates, and to lower all costs—transportation, accommodation, etc.—for off-season travel. The ETC has conducted a large and effective publicity program in the United States to help educate the American tourist market in the attractions of Europe for rewarding and pleasurable travel.

One outstanding development noted with general satisfaction at the Naples meeting of IUOTO was the establishment this year of airline tourist rates on the North Atlantic, making possible a substantial saving in transatlantic air travel costs. Both IUOTO and ETC had long urged the creation of tourist rates, a fight in which Pan American World Airways took the lead among the international carriers, with decisive support by Britain's BOAC, now setting its own pace with the world's first jet airliners, the 500-mile-per-hour Comets. Comets will also be introduced by Pan American as soon as a larger and faster model capable of crossing the Atlantic is available.

These rates now are available only on the North Atlantic crossing, but IUOTO at Naples urged their extension to all routes, and there was increasing evidence that within a year or two they may be generally in effect around the world. It was asserted that Europe's own record-breaking influx of travelers this year, including approximately 400,000 Americans, was attributable in substantial measure to the new air tourist rates.

During recent discussions in Europe and at home with British, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian tourist authorities, they repeatedly stressed the efforts they were making to reduce frontier, customs, and immigrations restrictions. They are well aware of the disdain and impatience of Americans for such "European inefficiency." At every border courtesy, speed, and minimum routine greet the tourist more and more.

Everything for the U. S. tourist goes well and happily until he returns home. In the United States the tourist is met with intolerable delays, inefficient understaffed customs inspection, endless documentation and forms. It is bad enough for the homecoming American, but for the incoming European or other foreign visitor it is an endless, exhausting maze of red tape.

The striking anomaly is the manner in which the American tourists patiently, quietly bear up under delays, inefficiency, and discourtesy at home which would send them into bursts of rage if experienced anywhere abroad. The IUOTO, in fact, is concerned about the harsh security, currency, health, immigration, and other frontier formalities imposed on foreign visitors to the United States. But the Union would perform a great service also for the American tourist if it could persuade our bureaucrats to cease and desist from making it progressively impossible not only to get into the United States in the first place, but even to return to it.

It has been said that "traveling may be one of two things—an experience we shall always remember, or an experience which, alas, we shall never forget." Outbound to Europe or Japan, Canada or Mexico, the Caribbean or Hawaii, we shall always remember, but homecoming—until the United States mends its ways—alas, we shall never forget.

—*Pan American World Airways.*

Happy faces at the start of the epoch-making Pan-Am flight from Idlewild.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sister Ruth in "Black Narcissus," by Rumer Godden. 2. "Thais," by Anatole France. 3. Susan Johnston in "Pathway to the Stars," by Harnett T. Kane. 4. Abigail in "The Jew of Malta," by Christopher Marlowe. 5. Monica Baldwin in "I Leap Over the Wall." 6. Matilda in "The Monk," by Matthew Gregory Lewis. 7. "Evangeline," by Henry W. Longfellow. 8. Heloise in "Heloise and Abelard," by George Moore. 10. Reverend Mother Auxilia in "Vespers in Vienna," by George Moore. 9. "Evelyn Innes," by Bruce Marshall.

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Meminisse Juvat

By Josephine Goldmark

O heights and mountain tops beyond my reach,
I need not climb to you
To feel the cold wind strike a heated cheek,
To feel the hot, hot sun and breathe thin air
Bearing the sharp tang of a thousand firs.

I do not need to go
To feel beneath my foot the lichened rock,
A foothold, toehold in each crevassed inch
Sharp-edged, rough-grained under my fingers,
While in a deeper fold
The moss is soft to lie on.

I do not need to go
To hear the silence—still, so still
Up to the zenith and the flying clouds,
Stillness so deep that hum and buzz of insects
But makes it more.

Nor need I go
To feel the height,
Aloft, atop the world,
Poised as for flight
Into the all-encircling dome of air, the gulfs of space.

Nor need I go
To find the dwarf plants, Alpine kin,
Springing from fissures and by craggy ledges
Stunted by wind and the fierce cold of nights,
Sweeter for smallness;
Blooming as once they bloomed eons ago
Beside the glacier,
When these bald peaks outstood the ice.

I do not need to go
To feel stretched muscles,
Blood coursing through my veins,
A breathless triumph, summit gained, and then
Long hours content upon this conquered pile.

I do not need to go,
For I have been.

CHRISTMAS Will Come And Go

Christmas will be just another day in the year for Maria, 4 and Nicola, 7. Home is a hut . . . light and air comes through the door. Their bed is the earthen floor on which dirty rags are spread at night. There will be no Christmas joy, no toys to dream about, no festive board. Christmas dinner may be a scrap of bread . . . dandelion greens.

Maria and Nicola lost both parents during rebel action in Greece. They live with their grandmother, now too old and worn to work. She spends her waking hours in search of food in the nearby hills . . . not even a weed can grow in the barren soil around their hut. It is hard to believe that in the year of Our Lord, 1952, Christmas will come and go for children like Maria and Nicola—cheerless, unhappy—not a holiday but just another day! And to them every day means deepest despair.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will immediately be sent the case history and picture of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. Your relationship with "your" child is on a most personal level . . . we do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his/her needs.

"Your" child is told that you are his/her Foster Parent, and correspondence through our office is encouraged. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. The Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, helping children in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England and Western Germany and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

Funds are needed desperately for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, artificial eyes, that the children who have suffered so cruelly may have the necessary aids to give them some comfort, hope and love. Your help is not only vital to a child struggling for life itself—but also toward world understanding and friendship. Your help can mean—and do—so much. Won't you share with one of them please and let some child love you?

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CHRISTMAS, BODY & SOUL

(*Continued from page 7*)

if the whole of our public spaces are soon to be made horrible with this uproar. I cannot reassure him. I presume they will.

The world of mechanization and of science has given to the Christmas present a new significance in the schoolroom and even in the nursery. The toy industry follows the industrialism of the outer world. It continually improves the model: its mimicry is ever more exact. Its railways are more like railways, the airplanes are more nearly the real thing, its yachts and battleships are more seaworthy and self-sufficient. The Toy Department, especially at the Seniors' end, is a carnival of realism. Just as the old wooden soldier, stiff and rosy-cheeked, was supplanted by the miniature army in tin, complete now with Bailey bridge and bulldozer, so the simple sailing boat or the old kite are made to look sad fogeys by these engined corvettes and roaring skymasters which the more prosperous lads carry off to common and to lake. This machinery needs cunning to work it: and the cunning is there. The new technocracy is in our homes and schoolrooms.

So Boxing Day brings out the young mechanics, the engineers, and the pilots of tomorrow. (On whose playing fields was the Battle of Britain won, beyond those of the indomitable heart? The toy shop, as well as the school workshop, played its role.) Now there are ugly fumes on the pond in the park: there is a hideous reverberation in the air on the common. This might be any actual dock or airdrome. There is no longer any need of fancy in the handling of a toy: imagination wilts amid such authenticity. I strongly suspect that it is the poorer boy who gets most pleasure in the long run. Regard that captive airplane whirling on its wire, circuit after circuit, buzzing like some mechanized cockchafer, demonic, deafening. Even with all this din it can do no more: its zenith of achievement is immediately reached. Round and round: nothing else. That battered craft, which electrically snorts across the little lake, can only repeat the voyage which it makes so easily and triumphantly.

But to the imagination there are no such bounds. The boy who has some make-believe left in the temper of his play, the boy who has turned his room into a fortress or a coral island with a table and two chairs and has a poker for his rifle, has no limits to the warfare or the hunting in which he can indulge. To those with the gift of fancy every copse is a continent and every rivulet an Amazon: to those with an accurately engined model airplane there is only one advance—to a bigger and better engine.

THAT Christmas should mean festivity is natural and universal. That it should mean presents is a recent happening. It is also a happening which continually piles up those "records" so dear to newspaper paragraphists. "The money isn't there" has been the continual cry, when a restaurant or a theatre was doing less than well or a shop found goods lingering on the shelves. But, when Christmas came, the demand for goods was most abundantly there and an extra fifty million pounds worth of paper had to be issued from the mint in order to provide sufficient ammunition for this great onslaught on the stores. What proportion of that gigantic outlay went on actual Christmas presents nobody can say; but it is a fair guess that a very large proportion of the extra currency did pass from hand to counter in that way.

Yet the Dickensian Christmas, now always accepted and sometimes rather acidly derided as the classic example of Yuletide merriment, was not, in fact, a present-giving occasion. At Dingley Dell there was a pre-nuptial dance and then the annual games, story-telling, and a punch-drinking party in which staff and all joined during Christmas Eve. Mr. Pickwick and his companions properly took with them a gigantic codfish, which to us sounds strangely dull, and four barrels of oysters, which sound extremely attractive. But that was a contribution to the common larder at Manor Farm, such as any visitor may well make today in these rationed times. But there was no bringing of separate gifts and there is no mention of any Yuletide presentations inside the Wardle family and household. The young lady with the fur-topped boots who so fascinated Mr. Winkle was not further enriched, as far as we know, with fur-tipped gloves or a pair of satin dancing slippers. Nor did Mr. Pickwick hand Mr. Wardle, on behalf of the Pickwickians, a piece of silver or a gold watch. When the Muggleton coach set out for the holiday jaunt it carried the supplies of "sea food" which have already been mentioned, but the travelers did not bring with them for presentation purposes, as would have happened nowadays, a batch of the latest books in vogue or half the contents of a fashionable haberdasher's shop.

To students of that period, and especially of Christmas, two points not commonly noticed are worth observation. One is that the spree came before Christmas; there was no Boxing Day jollification. The party left Dingley Dell on the morning after Christmas, which in those days was much less of a general and prolonged holiday than it is now. Scrooge's clerk Bob Cratchit had no statutory right to absent himself from the office on December 26. Mr. Cratchit was to be there on that morning at nine o'clock sharp and no nonsense about it. The Cratchit Christmas was a very short one and the Londoner of his type had to seize it and make the most of it while it was still there.

The other, and quite different and to us almost incredible, feature of the Dingley Dell occasion is the performance by the gentlemen of the party on Christmas Eve. They attended a wedding breakfast in the morning at which there was enough toasting to put "the poor relations" under the table; the Pickwickians were harder metal, no doubt, but they had not failed to do their best by the wine. Then "the males of the party," at Mr. Wardle's recommendation, took a *twenty-five-mile walk* to get rid of the effects of their lavish wining at the wedding. The country was frozen and snow-covered: it was skating weather. Twenty-five miles! Could Mr. Pickwick have carried that paunch of his through a march which could be considerable for a young and trained soldier to execute? The males of the party could hardly have done more than three miles an hour in the diffi-

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cult going, which would account for eight hours and twenty minutes of walking time without any space for a "breather."

When did the wedding breakfast end? By noon? If so—and it might well have been later—the party had just four and a half hours before it was dark. So the last twelve miles must have been covered in darkness, or by such moon as may have happened to assist them. Then came the dinner and the household revels. Mr. Pickwick turned out without his gaiters "for the first time within the memory of his oldest friends"; he sported speckled silk stockings and smartly tied pumps; he danced briskly through the night, and he was up for breakfast the next day. I am afraid that I do not believe for a minute in that ramble of twenty-five miles. Did the pen of Dickens slip or did he really fancy that such a route-march could have been endured and even enjoyed as part of the Christmas revels and within the schedule of time?

Returning to this matter of gifts, we find no mention of presents, outside contributions to the larder, if we examine the matter lower down in the financial scale. Take the case of Mr. Cratchit. True, there was not much chance for Scrooge's clerk to buy

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A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 496 will be found in the next issue.

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much for giving away: his income was fifteen shillings a week and his family, living in a four-roomed house, consisted of self, wife, and six. But Bob could somehow run to a goose and a half-quartern of brandy for the proper firing of Mrs. Cratchit's remarkable Christmas pudding: there were also warm potations to follow. So he might have contrived, if such had been the social habit, to buy a penny toy for Tiny Tim: and penny toys in those days would have been "quite something." Mr. Cratchit did pass on one of his collars to one of his boys so that the lad might be presentable at dinner, but there was no more a general ceremony of present-giving at that home than there was at Dingley Dell. The concentration was upon good will and good feeding; the ingenuous shopkeepers have since turned the lights on all the other kinds of good spending.

Again at Joe Gargery's Christmas Dinner, that agonizing occasion for little Pip, there were contributions in kind. Uncle Pumblechook, being a well-to-do corn chandler who rode in his own chaise, brought a bottle of port, a bottle of sherry, and a pork pie to amplify the catering of his poor relations. The pork pie was consumed at the close of the activities, that is after the Christmas pudding which came after a leg of pickled pork and two roast fowls. It was this curious ordering of events which drew from Mr. Hubble the superb decision that "a bit of savory pork pie could lie a-top of anything you could mention and do no harm." This grave, dietetic judgment, which might have had wide support at the time, inclines one to believe—and dozens of other Dickensian meals confirm the belief—that progress has sadly weakened our stomachs.

A modern Christmas is strategically prepared for and tactically met by liberal doses of digestive powders. The public journals of the Pickwick era do, indeed, carry many advertisements of salves for dyspepsia and constipation. But I do not remember that the Pickwickians habitually carried a medicine chest on their journeys and were cautiously equipped with salines, antiacid capsules and draughts, and all the defensive preparations raised by ourselves against heartburn in the night and headache in the morning. Yet if ever a country gentleman's house deserved the alternative title of Hangover Hall it was Mr. Wardle's Manor Farm at Dingley Dell. The science of the chemist and the ubiquity of his establishments have lowered our resistance, I fancy, while relieving our pain. Christmas has become a feast both of more moderation and of greater medication.

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B. Restricted district in some Old World cities.	54 149 99 88 8 63
C. Able, strong, valiant—with a hint of burlesque.	43 83 166 39 27 73 171
D. What the black keys are made of.	46 175 96 112 172
E. First four wds. of first line of second stanza of Burns' "Scots Wha Hae".	52 164 80 75 33 120 12 135 155 102 170 130 61
F. Last three wds., completing that line.	38 113 142 156 101 158 71 30 65 187 137
G. Weapons of Hamlet's "outrageous fortune".	25 59 147 173 119 118
H. German device for long-distance breathing by submarines.	28 126 186 108 36 123 92
I. Describing an exhaustive canvass of a neighborhood (comp.).	45 86 104 78 106 153 165 74 58 178 139 129
J. The aardvark is one.	53 125 181 7 41 77 50 150
K. Woman who endeavors without affection to attract men's amorous attention.	35 18 69 3 24 29 183 55
L. Passively accepting.	51 128 177 66 37 89 100 148 10 134 26

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Suitable or available for leasing.	48 94 81 44 180 6 20 115
N. One important phenomenon of traffic regulation (comp.; 2 wds.).	34 116 68 22 159 185 152 145 98 93 179 87 168
O. Scene of battle, 1264, when Simon de Montfort defeated Henry III.	16 31 161 176 32
P. Lowest title of nobility in Portugal.	82 151 97 15 122 91 103
Q. Preceding all others.	2 107 14 95 124 111 72 19
R. Uncut gem stone.	23 79 136 85 182
S. Fund of money for a public institution.	131 17 143 189 117
T. In too much of a hurry.	9 140 5 62 64
U. Pronoun.	121 157 141
V. Southwestern slang for one who sojourns for his health.	60 70 160 11 162 188
W. Surname of four outstanding Americans, an admiral, a governor, a philosopher, a great librarian.	56 132 57 138 109
X. Odd page in a book.	4 133 114 163 184
Y. One of the best-known of the mustelines.	49 167 154 76 90 146
Z. Illegal daily lottery, widely popular with the very poor.	42 174 169 67 144 84 40

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

							1 A	2 Q	3 K	4 X	5 T		6 M	7 J		8 B	9 T	10 L							
	11 V	12 E	13 A	14 Q	15 P	16 O		17 S	18 K	19 Q	20 M	21 A		22 N	23 R	24 K								
25 G	26 L	27 C	28 H		29 K	30 F	31 O		32 O	33 E	34 N	35 K	36 H	37 L	38 F	39 C								
40 Z		41 J	42 Z	43 C		44 M	45 I	46 D		47 A	48 M	49 Y	50 J		51 L	52 E								
	53 J	54 B	55 K	56 W		57 W	58 I	59 G	60 V	61 E		62 T	63 B		64 T	65 F								
66 L		67 Z	68 N	69 K	70 V	71 F	72 Q	73 C	74 I	75 E		76 Y	77 J	78 I		79 R								
80 E	81 M		82 P	83 C	84 Z	85 R	86 I	87 N	88 B	89 L	90 Y		91 P	92 H	93 N	94 M								
	95 Q	96 D	97 P		98 N	99 B	100 L	101 F		102 E	103 P	104 I		105 A	106 I	107 Q								
108 H	109 W		110 A	111 Q	112 D	113 F	114 X	115 M	116 N	117 S	118 G		119 G	120 E	121 U	122 P								
123 H		124 Q	125 J	126 H	127 A	128 L	129 I	130 E	131 S	132 W		133 X	134 L	135 E	136 R	137 F								
138 W	139 I		140 T		141 U	142 F	143 S	144 Z	145 N	146 Y	147 G		148 L	149 B	150 J	151 P								
152 N	153 I	154 Y	155 E	156 F		157 U	158 F	159 N	160 V		161 O	162 V		163 X	164 E									
165 I	166 C	167 Y	168 N		169 Z	170 E	171 C		172 D	173 G	174 Z		175 D	176 O	177 L	178 I								
179 N	180 M	181 J	182 R		183 K	184 X		185 N	186 H	187 F	188 V	189 S												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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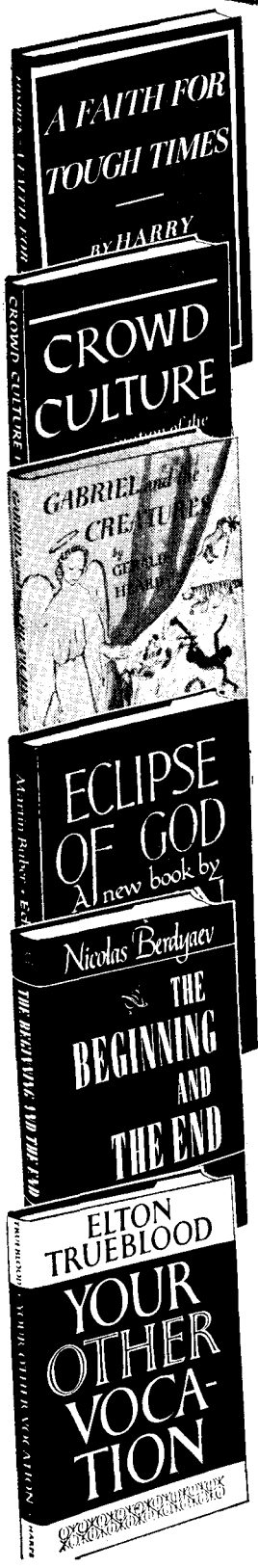

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